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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Federalist: 1925 Model

THE effect of our American scene upon this generation of serious thinkers is curious. As surely as it made an optimist of Emerson, it makes pessimists of them. As surely as it made boasters and blow-hards in the nineteenth century, it makes deprecators and satirists in the twentieth.

Mr. Mencken, for example, has become a Federalist, in mind if not in manners. His enemies think that he collects horrid examples of stupidity, obscurantism, tyranny, spite, and prejudice in his "Americana"* in order to undermine government, destroy the home, and ridicule our institutions. This is neither his purpose nor his achievement. He says in his Preface that his anecdotes of science-baiting, miracle mongering, besotted patriotism, and muddled reform are much more than amusing, they are worthy of serious study. And if you study these marvellous anecdotes of incredible naïveté, what do you find? A perfect transcript of the humors and the weakness of democracy. These quaint people who believe that civilization begins and ends in Abilene, Texas, who denounce all opinions but their own, who reform everything and everybody but themselves—all this delightful mixture of vanity, enthusiasm, provincialism, and obstinacy is what the New Englanders so detested in the back-country followers of Thomas Jefferson, is a replica of the mob mutterings and vaporings of the Jackson Democrats who broke John Quincy Adams's heart and sent him back to the intelligentsia mourning that the democracy would surely destroy the land. It is the voice of the common mind that so annoys Mr. Mencken. Like all conservatives, from Alexander Hamilton to Mussolini, he would keep power out of the hands of the "boobs."

It may seem strange to call Mr. Mencken a conservative. But what is a conservative but a man who fights against the trend of events? The crass fools whose speech and doings he recounts are in control. Whether dry Republicans, Ku-Klux-Klanners, Methodists, Baptists, rotarians, university presidents, bankers, they are the trend. Mencken is fighting, as the Federalists fought, against the evolution of our brand of democracy. It seemed an incredible thing to them that common persons of no property, no education, no manners, and no responsibility should control a government. It seems outrageous to him that a middle class of little education, small intelligence, fixed ideas, and unlovely habits should run America and possess most of our wealth.

But we survived Jeffersonism and Jacksonism, and we shall unquestionably survive the "booberies" that he goads and lashes. The lawless, ruffian frontiersmen who lived in squalor and were never content until they overthrew decent government and drove the gentleman and scholar out of politics, are precisely those pioneers whom at the moment we find so romantic, and who, according to historians, are the really important factor in American history. Presumably the bourgeoisie who now are riding upon America into an undreamed of prosperity will in some later, poorer age be celebrated also as epic heroes of a commercial prime. Their stupidities forgotten, their powerful energy will become glamorous. Some Mencken of the future will recall bitterly the dauntless, obstinate puritans and ruthless rotarian heroes of 1925.

Mr. Mencken, like all conservatives, all satirists, and most historians, suffers from a too narrowly focussed imagination. Since he cannot see the other side of the moon, he assumes that there is no other side. If the summary of the various States as corrupt, ignorant, malicious, cowlike, or hypocritical which he gives "Americana: 1925" anywhere resembled the truth, our civilization would not last long enough for a 1926 volume.

The "boobs" will get him in the end, as soon or late they overcome all prophesying by intellectuals who wish the human race to proceed by reason and formula. Such honest, if malicious, con-

(*Continued on page* 409)

*Americana: 1925. Edited by H. L. Mencken. New York. Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

El Musico

By WITTER BYNNER

LOOKING beyond us always,
He played the harp
And sang the song with it
A little sharp
Or took from one of the others
A violin
And sang the song with it
A little thin,
Or else he stroked the sand
Where he sat
And sang the song with it
A little flat;
But whatever song he sang,
He seemed to know
Exactly in his voice
How the winds blow,
And how the waves come up
Chapala shore,
And how the birds sing a little
And then more,
And why the birds are careless
Of a church-bell.
Others sang better than he,
But none so well.

This Week

"Women." Reviewed by *Stark Young.*

"Possession." Reviewed by *B. H. Lehman.*

"The Life of W. T. Stead." Reviewed by *T. J. C. Martyn.*

"The Life of Judge Gary." Reviewed by *Rexford G. Tugwell.*

"The Phantom Public." Reviewed by *W. Y. Elliott.*

Three Books on Advertising. Reviewed by *E. A. Calkins.*

"American Negro Spirituals." Reviewed by *R. Emmet Kennedy.*

Next Week, or Later

Stephen Crane. By *Thomas Beer.*

Washington's Diaries. Reviewed By *William MacDonald.*

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The Weekly News-Magazine

The Law's Authority*

By FABIAN FRANKLIN

SOME weeks ago, while looking at the books prominently displayed in the Putnam bookstore, I was surprised to find among them a handsome fresh copy of the late James C. Carter's "Law: its Origin, Growth, and Function." The book had been many years out of print, and I fell to wondering what might have occasioned the demand for a fresh printing. And certainly a very good reason for it might be found in the unprecedented prominence which the question of the authority of law has assumed in the public mind. The emergence of a sharp difference of opinion—and a still more pronounced difference of feeling—on this question has been one of the most unexpected, and one of the most important, of the by-products of the Eighteenth Amendment.

As far back as June, 1922, in his first baccalaureate address as President of Yale University, Dr. Angell felt called upon to direct the attention of his young graduates to the subject as one of the utmost gravity. After declaring that "the violation of law has never been so general, nor so widely condoned, as at present," he said:

> This is a fact which strikes at the very heart of our system of government, and the young man entering upon his active career must decide whether he too will condone and even abet such disregard of law, or whether he will set his face firmly against such a course.

President Angell's exhortation was among the earliest signs of a recognition in high quarters of this remarkable and unprecedented state of things; it has now long been a leading subject of public concern and public discussion. Upon the menace to our institutions which is involved in its continuance the most determined upholders of Prohibition and the most ardent opponents of Prohibition are in entire agreement. At odds on everything else, the opposing sides are at one in the conviction that the unparalleled contempt with which the Prohibition law is treated by millions of reputable and respected citizens is big with danger to the authority of law in general and to the very foundations of our democracy.

* * *

At one on the danger, yes; but by no means at one on the way in which the danger is to be removed. "Enforce the Eighteenth Amendment at all costs," say the Prohibitionists; "to yield to lawless opposition is to acknowledge the failure of our democracy." "Repeal the Eighteenth Amendment," say the anti-Prohibitionists; "to insist upon the enforcement of an outrageous and unenforceable law is to sap the foundations of our democracy." Which of these two views is right, or how much truth there is in the one and the other, is one of the most vital questions before the American people.

In the report on "The Prohibition Situation" recently issued by the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches there is a very brief passage bearing on this question. This passage has attracted little notice, but

*LAW: ITS ORIGIN, GROWTH AND FUNCTION. Being a Course of Lectures Prepared for Delivery before the Law School of Harvard University. By JAMES COOLIDGE CARTER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $5.

THE PROHIBITION SITUATION. New York: Department of Research and Education, Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. 1925. 25 cents.

LAW AND ITS ADMINISTRATION. By HARLAN F. STONE. New York: Columbia University Press. 1925. $2.50.

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it is marked by the sa[me] ration and judicial balance that caused the [court as] a whole to attract such extraordinary atte[ntion to] the passage, in full, is as follows:

> The general impression [that] respect for law is declining leads many ardent [supporters] of prohibition to believe that its foes are undermining all citizenship, while the latter assert very positively that prohibition has destroyed respect for all law. Fortunately, neither contention is fully supported by facts. The best authorities in psychology and education agree that a person's attitude toward law and government is not determined with reference to a single statute, and that hostility toward one law does not carry over into the whole field of the citizen's responsibility. The attitude of people toward their government, although it often gives cause for concern, rests upon a broader basis than the popularity of a single law. Every one takes some laws more seriously than others, and necessarily so. All laws have not the same importance and some have greater social sanction than others. For this reason it would seem to be a mistake to rest the appeal for observance of prohibition laws upon the general duty to "obey the law." Rather, an attitude of intelligent sympathy toward the law itself must be built up if it is to be generally observed.

Thus we have before us three views of the Prohibition situation:

1. Disregard of the Prohibition law is undermining all citizenship.

2. Enactment of the Prohibition law has destroyed respect for all law.

3. Neither the breaking of the Prohibition law nor the enactment of it is quite so bad as all that.

* * *

Now although the last of these views is more judicial than the other two, it completely fails to answer the question which has, during the past three years, been so sorely troubling the public mind. It is quite true that "every one takes some laws more seriously than others;" it is quite true that "a person's attitude toward law and government is not determined with reference to a single statute." But although respect for law in general does not imply an equally rigorous or reverential respect for every specific law, yet respect for law in general must inevitably be profoundly impaired by daily and hourly familiarity with contemptuous disregard of a law with which the public thought is constantly occupied, and which the Government is straining every nerve to enforce. Respect for law, to be of any real efficiency, must be habitual, almost instinctive; and no man can, by taking thought, create habits and instincts. If a law is broken once a year, and broken because its unreasonableness is almost universally admitted, no perceptible harm may be done to the status of law in general. Such was, for many years, indeed decades, the case with the general property tax; however, in the most intelligent of our States, the facts were at last looked in the face and the law changed to one that was consistent with common sense. Again, if a law has actually become by common consent a dead letter, so that not even the feeblest effort is made to enforce it—as in the case of the archaic "blue laws" of some of our States—it is virtually no law at all, and the ignoring of it does no injury to our instinctive regard for law in general. But when a law is, on the face of things, the livest of all laws: when the public is daily reminded of its widespread and constant non-observance; of the contempt with which it is regarded by something like half the people, and especially by people of the highest intelligence and character; of the desperate efforts made by the Government to enforce it—when all this is the case, it would be folly to imagine that such a state of things can go on year after year without disastrously affecting the general respect for law. Despite the judicial poise of the Church Council report's view of the subject, therefore, it is not that view, but the view of the stalwarts on both opposing sides, that hits off the essential character of the Prohibition situation most truly; for that situation *does* bode danger both to "all citizenship" and to "respect for all law."

How this danger should be dealt with is a question which no thinking American can afford to ignore. And if he is truly a thinking man he must realize that the heart of the question is to be found not in the hopeless tangle of statistics but in the vital principles of lawmaking. What we are witnessing in the matter of National Prohibition is no new phenomenon; it is in kind the most familiar of all juristic experiences, though in degree it presents an example of those experiences transcending all previous record.

Mr. Carter's book was published eighte[en years] ago, about two years after the death of its [author.] He had been, by general acknowledgeme[nt the] foremost lawyer at the bar of New York, [and] was almost equally distinguished as an ex[ponent] of the highest ideals of American citizensh[ip.] this book, to the preparation of which he devote[d so] much of his time after his retirement from active practice, he presents in more systematic form those views on fundamental questions of law to which he had upon various occasions given expression and which had been the fruit of prolonged study and contemplation. To attempt to give an account of these views here is of course out of the question. But the central idea that runs through the book is that custom is the only basis of law; an idea which it is possible that Mr. Carter carries to an unwarranted extreme, but of which the force and scope are brought out with a richness, a variety, and a lucidity, that cannot fail deeply to impress the reader. On all sides—in legal procedure, in commercial law, in real-estate law, in criminal law—one finds the sway of custom predominating in the actual operation of law to a degree far beyond what the reader in general, whether layman or lawyer, could realize without the wealth of historical illustration and argumentative analysis which Mr. Carter presents.

In the midst of all this interesting and impressive marshaling of facts and arguments bearing on his general thesis, there are to be found one or two passages, covering perhaps a dozen pages in all, which deal with the subject of that class of laws of which Prohibition is the most conspicuous example. Such laws are designed to impose upon the whole of a people rules of personal conduct which represent not the substantially unanimous feeling of that people, but the desires of a particular element which, by virtue of numbers or otherwise, has gained the power to give those desires the form of law. With Mr. Carter, the weakness of such law is but the extremest form of the like weakness in any law that is not based upon established custom; and, whatever qualification juristic scholars may feel that Mr. Carter's general thesis requires, surely few will dispute the soundness of its application to this extreme case. And for the lay reader, Mr. Carter's words on this particular subject cannot fail to have their effectiveness heightened by the background of general juristic philosophy out of which they emerge. To do anything like justice to the impressiveness of these passages in Mr. Carter's book would require ampler quotation than is here possible. I must content myself with two brief extracts:

> The principal danger lies in the attempt often made to convert into crimes acts regarded by large numbers, perhaps a majority, as innocent—that is, to practise what is, in fact, tyranny. While all are ready to agree that tyranny is a very mischievous thing, there is not a right understanding equally general of what tyranny is. Some think that tyranny is a fault only of despots, and cannot be committed under a republican form of government; they think that the maxim that the majority must govern justifies the majority in governing as it pleases, and requires the minority to acquiesce with cheerfulness in legislation of any character, as if what is called self-government were a scheme by which different parts of the community may alternately enjoy the privilege of tyrannizing over each other.
>
> The necessity felt by the violators of the law to purchase protection carries the struggle for the control of the police establishment into politics, and mischiefs almost endless follow. An especially pernicious effect is that society becomes divided between the friends and the foes of the repressive law, and the opposing parties become animated with a hostility which prevents united action for purposes considered beneficial by both. Perhaps the worst of all is that the general regard and reverence for law are impaired, a consequence the mischief of which can scarcely be estimated.
>
> If at the expense of all these evils, the reformation sought by the law were really and fully effected, the benefit would not be worth the price paid for it, but it generally turns out in the end that the legislation is wholly ineffective, and that the condemned practices, through successful bribery and by various devices, are carried on much to the same extent as before the enactment of the law.

How enormously, how tragically, the objections to legislation of this character are increased when the attempt is made to impose it upon a vast continental population like ours, it requires but little thought to realize. Arraying section against section, city against country, the poor against the rich, and utterly flouting the principle of State self-government, it plays havoc with the very foundations of our national polity. When Mr. Carter wrote, the idea of attempting this was hardly entertained except by a handful of fanatics or extremists; still less was the idea entertained of imbedding a Prohibitionist statute in the very body of the Constitution itself. To any one who has given serious thought to the nature and limits of law, all other features of our Prohibition situation sink into insignificance in comparison with this one. To make a law which attempts what no law should attempt—a law which, so far from being the crystallization of established custom, is felt by half the people to be a wanton act of tyranny—is bad enough; but to place that law beyond the reach of repeal by the ordinary processes of legislation is to commit an outrage upon the first principles of law and government. What Mr. Carter, or any man dealing with the fundamental principles of lawmaking, would have said about a proposal so grossly violative of those principles, it is easy to imagine.

* * *

I have had some compunction about grouping Judge Stone's book with the other two referred to at the beginning of this article; for it really has no bearing, even incidental, on the question of the authority of law in general, or of such laws as that of Prohibition in particular. Like Mr. Carter's book, it has just appeared in a new edition; but there is no particular reason, except its general merit, for its being called for at this time. I have ventured to include it with the other two for one reason only. Without having in mind any controversial issue, and purely by way of matter-of-course exposition, Mr. Stone thus defines the character of the Constitution of the United States:

> The main objects sought to be effected by the Federal Constitution may be roughly classified as follows: first, the organization of the Federal government into three great departments, the executive, the legislative, and the judicial; . . . second, the separation and distribution of powers of government between the Federal government and the state governments; . . . third, the limitation by the express provisions of the Constitution of the powers of the legislative bodies of both Federal and state governments to pass laws interfering with those fundamental personal rights which have been believed by English-speaking peoples to be essential to the liberty and happiness of a free people.

Such was the Constitution of the United States ten years ago, when Judge Stone's book was written. Through the incorporation into it of the Eighteenth Amendment, it has fallen from that high estate. Behind the mighty ramparts which were designed for the preservation of "those fundamental rights which have been believed by English-speaking peoples to be essential to the liberty and happiness of a free people" has been entrenched a restraint upon their liberty and an interference with their happiness. Whether Prohibition is right or wrong, necessary or unnecessary, effective or futile, it is certainly a restraint upon liberty; and to use for the perpetuation of that restraint an instrumentality designed for the sacred purpose of preserving liberty from the encroachments of tyranny is to degrade the Constitution, to make veneration for it impossible, to lower the whole plane of our national life. If we are to think soundly of our "Prohibition Situation," we must begin not by plunging into the mazes of controversial statistics but by asking whether the enactment out of which the whole situation has arisen is or is not a violation of the first principles of rational lawmaking.

Doubleday, Page & Co. have acquired from Gabriel Wells all publication rights here and abroad of the Greville memoirs recently purchased in England by Mr. Wells. It has not been decided how many volumes will be necessary for the complete edition, nor whether the suppressed portions will appear separately. The manuscript, all hand-written, consists of fifteen huge tomes, yellowed with age. There are perhaps a million words altogether, and the work of editing and arranging them will require many months. It is safe to say that the issuance of the complete memoirs will create a stir comparable to the commotion over the censored editions half a century ago. Greville's friend, Henry Reeve, omitted from that edition hundreds of passages having sensational reference to the British Government and Royal House, Queen Victoria, her son Edward, and the great celebrities of the era. These omitted portions—political, diplomatic, and in many cases scandalous—are to be available now for the first time.

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Women Made Simple

WOMEN. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $

Reviewed by Stark Young

AT THE very outset of his new [illegible] Booth Tarkington takes care to protect his method. To "women" he writes a charming preamble and defense. Mrs. Cromwell's paper on "Women as Revealed in Some Phases of Modern Literature" has been read to the Woman's Saturday Club and her friend Mrs. Dodge is led to ask why something of the actual life of such women as themselves should not be the subject of a book. The paper has pointed out that in a novel a study of women must have a central theme, must focus upon a central figure or heroine, and must present her as a principal participant in a centralized conflict or drama of some sort, in relation to a limited group of other figures. But so far as her life goes, Mrs. Dodge objects, and the lives of her friends, there is no centralization in theme, unless they are to be taken merely as mothers. But all of them have their important relations besides those they bear to their children. No, their lives are made up of relations with family and friends and strangers and with thoughts along the way. Why should not a book be concerned with all of these almost as much as with themselves? The method, then, that Mrs. Dodge proposes is clear enough. It is nothing new and it has sometimes in the past proved to be beautiful and compelling.

In any book, however, whether we stick to a heroine and her central theme or not, there is a unifying element in the human material involved. Beneath this scattering detail and social rambling there is either a trembling and mordant life, poignantly felt and exactly seen, quivering and complete; or there is a bath of humorous humanity of temper that plays from the author's daylight commonsense and wit. In any book the creator's quality is what unifies it and makes its theme one and significant, as the sun unifies the landscape by light. This is doubtless somewhat obvious, but it is equally obvious that at best Mr. Tarkington's book is largely placid fragments spread over a conventional township.

The book begins with promises of a group, a little drama of associations, people living the same way in the same set and same surroundings, comfortable, Middle-Western, suburban, American. It ends by being a community collection of gentle short stories, variously fair. There is the architect with his press-agent wife saving him from the rich widow client, not bad. There is the story, the best by far in the book and tinged with the beloved Penrod intuitions and manner, of the little girl's infatuation with her teacher; there is the story of the wallflower going to another town to visit and coming back a belle; and other stories of women, all prettily ended, all based on the best of all possible lives, on a life that works as well as the best plumbing in these suburban homes. And so the book leaves off, true at least to its vow of brevity.

Mr. Tarkington's novel deals, then, with women, their doings and their traits. There are many of these traits set forth, such as that women can be generous, petty, pretty, illogical, sudden, sweet; that they have devotion, a sensible method for managing men, for guiding men's fancies and weaknesses, and so on and so on, wholly safe insights that everyone admits and works automatically so far as art, at least, is concerned. It is a book now and again prettily written, as for instance the scene of Lily at her green writing desk before her mirror, the two desks, the verdant green, the two bright heads, all of it like sunlight glinting through trees. And certainly there are none of your poisonous modern knowledges, no odious and disturbing foreign intensities. It is an open, easy book. Its style is an equable, obliging, and well practiced prose. Technically in general there is a certain safe skill, amiable leisure, and moderate and often happy animation of phrase.

"Women" could not be called really a study of a society or of a town. It has an amiable good sense and an insight and revelation deep to the point that might be comprehensible to an honest group of respectable and prosperous people beside a country club fire. Of the town it is a record about like a quiet local map, a little tinted in and [illegible] this page in its lines, not unrosetate in tone, [illegible] citizens could have it. Of the human [illegible] town it displays a sensible working [illegible] as one might know its waterworks or [illegible] system pleasantly and without much [illegible]

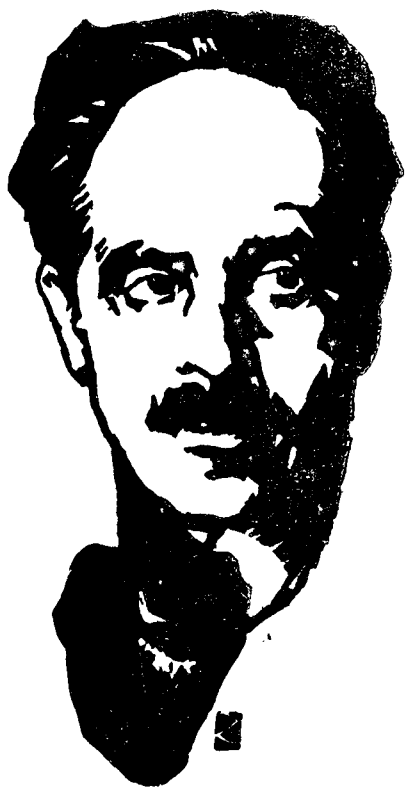
Ellen Unexplored

POSSESSION. By Louis Bromfield. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by B. H. Lehman

THE future of the American novel is all with character, in the roundest sense. It is with character which is like a tree, instinct-rooted in the earth, its warm dark mother, drawing from her nourishment, but drawing it only because some permeation seeping down from the various social world has dissolved and made available what it needs out of the earth, only because the unearthy elements moving above give it a complementary life that flourishes visibly.

In America character in this sense has not been exhibited or explored by most novelists, for the reason that their novels as laid down do not admit it. The ground plan is eccentric, has lost touch with life in important phases; or it is cluttered with complexes or bulges into environmental excavations; or it is devised to exploit a personal flair, as a delicate sensuousness or a knack for epigram; or it is dominated by a little theme. Rarely, another restraining influence is at work.



Jacob Wassermann
Author of "The World's Illusion."

For "Possession," Louis Bromfield had a large enough theme: possess or be possessed; be possessed and you will die; but possess yourself, secretly, in a hard inner clarity and you will live. This theme he has projected in a fable, spaciously and in a sense richly imagined; since it is informed by a significant idea, it will seem to many to be deeply imagined. But it is not deeply imagined. For the depth of an imagined fiction can derive only from the characters that enact it. And Mr. Bromfield's characters, though they have sometimes an effect of richness, are not penetratingly and, with reference to his intention,

Ellen Tolliver, the great pianist whose career is the core of this novel, was born in possession of herself and goes on possessing herself against the encroachments of an absorbent mother, of The Town and its corset-manufacturing sub-Babbitts, against the insidious hold of a possessed first husband, in spite of a corrosive denial of passion, against wealth, luxury, and the octopine hold of the musical public and her own exploiters, against the brutality of a possessive second husband, and finally against the claims of her baby. The lively story moves from the Middle West to New York, on to Paris, and in the last stretches Riga, Constantinople, Tunis, Buenos Ayres, Vienna hover.

But it all moves like the brilliant circumference of a pinwheel around its dark center. For the center—the firmly rooted, all converting Ellen—is not truly exhibited and explored. Light is, to be sure, thrown inward from the rim. Environment burns steadily at the beginning and goes out later to be rekindled occasionally as background, then European contrasts flash intermittent illumination, now and then a few Freudian flickers reveal the darkness. Fifth Avenue millionaires, diversely derived, escaped milltowners, a few Buonapartists, international Jews, some ancestors and remote relations glow mildly but steadily. And yet Ellen Tolliver is dark.

The reason is plain, though it lies in none of the causes that have withheld many another serious novelist from his treatment of character. Says the Foreword, "the author, knowing that much which pertains to the life of a musician is boring and of little interest to any one outside the realm of music, has endeavored to eliminate all the technical side of Ellen Tolliver's education." Under the ægis of this sentence, the special conditions of the pianist's life, of the musician's, and of the artist's—layer after layer—are torn away and excluded from the treatment. We are told that Ellen is a great pianist, and the whole point of the story is that the living continuity of her womanhood lies in her indestructible integrity as an artist. Yet it is precisely as such that we do not know her. Along with "technical . . . education" have been scrapped the growing pains of the artist, those successive conquests of the spirit which —granted a technique—make at last the thing thought and felt by the pianist into the thing an audience may hear. As it is, when she sits so vividly, so passionately at the piano, one looks at her but one listens to some one off stage, at another instrument. And even the technical conditions of a pianist's life had a more important bearing in Ellen's final conflict than is allowed to appear. The Bad Gasteins of the world are too full of pianists "taking the cure"—even if there were no other evidence—to make it credible that a woman approaching middle age could go back to her career without giving a single thought to her hands. In short the life of Ellen Tolliver is too little conditioned by the piano, by music, and by the ardors of art. Whatever the average reader may think of the boredom of these, "Possession" would have been a truer tale and also a more interesting if they had not been eliminated.

So Mr. Bromfield, having laid out a book which admitted the exhibition and exploration of character in the roundest sense, and being without dread of writing the *long* book involved, has yet not devoted himself to such character. Minor disabilities may have contributed, but they have not made the result. It has come about because in the creative artist's inner bailiwick he has accepted the average reader's idea of what is interesting and not remained by his own. In a man of his powers, this is a great offense.

Breezy Romance

ERNESTINE SOPHIE. By Sophia Cleugh. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Katharine S. Angell

IN "ERNESTINE SOPHIE" the author of "Matilda" has again prepared for us a chronicle of pleasantness and humor, and another heroine well-spiced and heart-warming. Little Ernestine Sophie at the age of fourteen finds herself suddenly whisked from Roman history and the free life of a British tom-boy whose only restraints had been those imposed by a maiden aunt and a country rectory, to the trying and repressive rôle of Crown Princess in a small, turbulent Mid-European kingdom.

She is a breezy, adventurous, canny young person, another of those children of fiction a trifle too delectable to be true, yet human enough to carry conviction. The book is concerned with the triumphs of Ernestine Sophie's independent spirit which carries her safely through the strictures of the English Aunt Cornelia, and the political intrigues and petty jealousies of her new-found court to a throne and a royal husband. The tale itself is of the slightest—incredible and romantic to the point of foolishness—yet it moves with a swiftness and charm that cannot be denied, —and its romanticism is constantly brought to earth by a kindly and satirical humor. It does the heart good to find here again, for instance, the pre-war brand of stuffy, pompous, sentimental,

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and wholly delightful old Teutons whom one can love and laugh at. *Ernestine Sophie*, the book and the person may live to acquire, much as did Benson's "Dodo," a following of affectionate devotees, lovers of a vivacious personality and of a piquant literary flavor.

The Lost Years

FABER. By JACOB WASSERMANN. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1925. $2.50.

JACOB WASSERMAN is unquestionably one of the greatest literary craftsmen of the age. Equally a master of swift narrative, dramatic incident, sharp but rich characterization, and veracious dialogue, his work is a delight from the standpoint of sheer technique. Such creations as Daniel, Gertrude, and Eleanore in "The Goose Man," Christian, Crammon, Ruth Hoffmann, and Eva Sorel in "The World's Illusion" occupy a permanent place, and no mean place, among those fictitious characters who are more real than we who write about them. One remembers Arnold Bennett's women and forgets his men; one remembers Conrad's men and forgets his women; one remembers both men and women with Wassermann. But more than a creator of character, Wassermann is also one of the greatest living analysts of the soul. Comparison with Dostoievsky is inevitable because both writers deal with similarly tortured spirits in a similar manner of sympathy and profound understanding; in the works of each there is the same tremendous momentum of significance, gaining in power page by page, until it crashes out of literature into reality; but while Dostoievsky's characters appear luridly through a kind of glowing murkiness, Wassermann's move in an atmosphere that is crystal-clear. We come to see his people vividly and know their gestures and the inflections of their voices long before we are suffered to obtain much knowledge of their motives. Then gradually behind the outward man we begin to recognize the inner phantom, wavering or steady, that directs or misdirects his life. No writer more than Wasserman gives due importance to the flesh but nonetheless his final attention is directed to problems born of the spirit and to be solved, if at all, by the spirit.

The present volume is narrower in scope, with fewer characters and brilliant incidents than either "The World's Illusion" or "The Goose Man." On the other hand, the characters and problems are treated not more adequately, but more simply and completely. The sub-title, "The Lost Years," derives from but hardly suggests the central plot. After the close of the war Eugene Faber returns from a four years' imprisonment to find that his wife, Martina, formerly tied most closely to him in bonds of affection and dependence, has become self-sufficient and, as he thinks, forgetful of him through her interest in a vast charitable enterprise, a Children's City, carried on by an enigmatic Princess who somewhat resembles Christian Wahnschaffe. Faber, impatient, egocentric, an undisciplined child of an undisciplined mother, has himself hitherto depended upon the flattery of his wife's dependence; now, irritated by long abstinence and hungry for sensual love, jealous of the influence of the Princess, he cannot, without the desperate struggle which makes up the book, either understand or accept his situation.

It will be seen that this is no banal story of post-war infidelities or maladjustments; "the lost years" might have been lost at home and in peace as well as in war; the real theme is the necessity of spiritual independence even from, perhaps especially from, those one loves. Minor interests cluster about the main one; the disastrous household of Anna Faber, a flabby sentimental feminist who in the modern manner neglects her home for the platform; the strange man-boy, Christopher; the personality of the Princess who dominates the story yet does not actually appear until the three-hundred-and-twenty-second page; the sympathetic story of the pacifist leader, Kapruner, and his widow, Faith, and the influence of the latter upon Faber, and the very unsympathetic story of a group of reds. The mystical religious note and the Dostoievskian emphasis upon purification through suffering are present but much less marked than in "The World's Illusion."

For the Hay Chasers

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY. By ELMER DAVIS. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ARE you a hay chaser? Probably. Most of us are. And what is a hay chaser? A hay chaser, as defined by Mr. Winthrop Rixey to Mr. Asaph Holliday, is as follows:

"Ace, why does a donkey pull a cart? Because there's a pole running over his head; and hung from the end of that pole, a foot in front of his nose, is a bundle of hay. Because that's just ahead of him, he pulls his cart all day long and doesn't care what they give him to eat while he's doing it. Why should he care? He has hopes. . . . But of course he's only an ass."

Mr. Asaph Holliday—once, in college, the wildcat "Ace" Holliday—had become a hay chaser. He was associate editor of *The Balance*, a weekly of opinion—and, by the same token, absolutely under the thumb of one Folsom, the urbane gentleman of letters who was its editor, and of one Brumbaugh, who had inherited some sixty millions and owned and paid the yearly deficit of *The Balance*. And then, of course, Mr. Asaph Holliday, ceased, on one wild night, to become a hay chaser, and truly "sounded the note of authority."

That is the whole story, the recrudescence, spiritual regeneration, and material rehabilitation of Asaph Holliday. Due to it, even his wife showed a flash of "the tiger woman." Mr. Davis has taken one of the most popular themes in the world, the turning of the worm, and played his own hilarious variations upon it. He has mixed well an elaborately concocted Manhattan comedy. His style is like a fresh stiff breeze; and his narrative races.

Mr. Davis's dialogue and his humorous treatment of his characters are clean-cut. His New York is a real New York. His fantasy is not far from plain truth. Probabilities are strained but not outraged. The construction of the book is satisfying.

The reviewer blushingly admits that this is his first acquaintance with the undeniable narrative gift of Mr. Davis. But if "Times Have Changed," "I'll Show the Town," and "The Keys of the City" are as good in their way as "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" is in its way, he looks forward to at least three other "long winter evenings" that will not seem so long this quarter.

We see a crisp, amusing play latent in the pages of this light novel. And it would seem to us a best bet for reading on the train. They say there is only a very limited number of fundamental themes for fiction. Well, Mr. Davis's story just goes to show that there is a lot of life in the old themes yet, particularly in the old turning-worm theme. To all sub-editors, of course, Mr. Davis's treatment of it will particularly appeal. But all sub-editors may not have the luck or the essential wild-catness of Mr. Asaph Holliday. He "came through," even though he wore his muffler and his rubbers to the last. And he made a fortunate choice in his author. He might have fallen into the clutches of the younger realists!

An Alien World

SAID THE FISHERMAN. By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. (The Blue Jade Library). 1925. $3.

Reviewed by LLOYD MORRIS

MR. PICKTHALL'S novel, narrowly celebrated but widely unread since its first publication in England, deserves its present opportunity for a career among American readers. A beautiful book, it is made memorable by an uncommon authority, an inexorable convincingness. Mr. Pickthall has been praised for his intimate understanding of the nearer Orient; he should, perhaps, be praised rather for his art than for his knowledge. Other writers have portrayed the native life of Asia Minor; in their books a picturesquely disguised and protectively guided reader embarks upon expeditions more or less perilous, to emerge with the casual rewards of an observant tourist. It is Mr. Pickthall's distinction to have made the reader's perception of that life the perception of those who live it. This novel immerses the reader in an alien world which possesses him so completely that, when natives of his own world wander through it, he regards them as inscrutable strangers, menacing, defiling, and barbarous. So absolute in its effect is this immersion that when, with Said, the reader visits London, he submits inevitably to the cruel, hideous nightmare that London is for Said. Mr. Pickthall's magic is consistent, unrelenting, and complete.

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In its outline, its formal design, the fable of "Said the Fisherman" has all the romantic extravagance of the Arabian Nights; it is such a tale as might be told by an itinerant fabulist in some bazaar—the legend of a miraculous rise from penury to power, and of the stalking vengeance of Allah; in the telling of the fabulist, there would arise an allegory of moral powers in the guise of fantastic adventures. Mr. Pickthall retains the design together with its allegorical implications, but the values which he exploits are more compact and more moving. They are the values of individual character in its weakness and its strength; in his treatment of the story Said and Hasneh, Ferideh and Selim and Mustapha are vitally actual, and their fortunes compel us, not as an abstract reading of human life, but as an intimate revelation of human beings in contact and conflict. Taking as his subject the most conventional of Oriental fables, and denying himself none of the resources of rhetoric which an Oriental fabulist might employ for its expression, Mr. Pickthall has conceived it in the terms of an occidental art. This fusion explains the strange power of his narrative. His preoccupation with individual character, the traditional preoccupation of western fiction, emphasizes the dramatic salience of his subject. But the realism of his presentation of an unfamiliar world derives from his masterly use of the rhetoric wherewith that world has traditionally achieved expression in literature.

* * *

The competence of Mr. Pitckthall's art of narrative is apparent from the fact that he has made what in substance is a picaresque romance seem credible, actual, profoundly rooted in reality. The effect of his novel is by no means romantic; the dramatic change of fortune which, beginning with the theft of a Frankish dressing-gown, brings Said from misery to affluence, only to send him to his death by Frankish muskets, bereft of wealth and reason and clad in the fatal dressing-gown, is made to seem not extraordinary but inevitable. The adventures which befall him in the interval, the cupidity that enriches and the love that destroys him, the friendship that requites his careless munificence, the devotion that compensates his cruelty—all these spring from the sources of his character rather than from the invention of the novelist. Mr. Pickthall has firmly situated Said in his natural world; a world of faith and chicanery, of humor and tragedy, of misery and dirt and opulent beauty; he has, for the duration of his tale, made it our world as well. To yield to the spell of his narrative is to submit to an experience compact of these elements.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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A Modern Knight-Errant

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF W. T. STEAD. Edited by Frederic Whyte. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $12.

Reviewed by T. J. C. Wise

IN THE past hundred years of English journalism three men stand conspicuously above their fellows: John Thadeus Delane, W. T. Stead and Lord Northcliffe. The effect of their united efforts has been to raise the English press to a power unequalled, probably, in any other country. By it Cabinet Ministers have been made and broken, Governments driven out of office, wars declared and prevented, laws made and repealed. Its power, to be sure, has mainly been indirect: for the English press, of all modern institutions, has alone brought home to politicians and statesmen that ever salutary truth embodied in a single word—democracy: the press has, in one way or another, been the means of raising the people's voice, to which no Government has long dared to remain deaf.

In a recent book, J. A. Spender, himself a famous Liberal editor, says: "W. T. Stead had raised a faint smile by suggesting that the editor of a London newspaper was on a par with a Cabinet Minister." No doubt the smile was faint in political circles; for Stead, as the editor of these books so admirably points out, had several times bent Governments to his will. He was a moral gospeller *par excellence*, with Herculean driving force and a Nonconformist conscience, all of which combined to make him one of the most formidable journalists that the world has ever seen or is ever likely to see.

But the days of the editor-publisher—the days of Harmsworth (later Lord Northcliffe) whose success, as he acknowledged, was in part due to Stead (Stead was the first man in England to urge the more extensive printing of American news and the modernization of the press on American lines) —those days were not far off and Stead, long before his startling career had run its full course, was to be restrained by his publisher-employer, the admirable but businesslike Yates Thompson. After this Stead's direct political power passes into comparative limbo. He had not, like Delane, the sanction of a divine right, although it must be confessed that his right was far more divine than Delane's.

* * *

It is apparent that the writing of this biography has not been an easy task; for Stead was a prodigious writer and seems to have corresponded with every contemporary statesman in the world; and, through the very force of his giant personality, he caused dissensions which at times assumed international proportions. Mr. Whyte has therefore been compelled not only to write and edit a continuous account of Stead's active life but to defend his character from the numerous assaults made upon it. A more judicial fairness in this respect is not possible. The editor, who fails, happily, to hide his brilliance as an author under that term, has created a biographical narrative of unusual power by allowing his subject and others, through a commendable selection of letters, printed papers, documents and books, to give their impressions and tell their own stories. His own genius is made evident not alone by the editing but by the skilful way in which he connects the material with explanatory and interpretive notes. Thus it is possible to judge Stead through his own writings and to weigh the impressions of others who were his friends or who knew him more or less intimately.

* * *

The detail in which Stead's career is unfolded is exhaustive. It took him, we are told, four minutes to dress "from the bath to the front door," which may account for the fact that he was as badly dressed as the late Lord Salisbury, who was once refused admittance to the Casino at Monte Carlo because his dress was not *en règle*. His friends were extraordinarily diverse: he knew Carlyle and Meredith, worked under Morley, held Annie Besant and the Pope in equal esteem, had Milner as a subordinate, corresponded with Esher, the late Czar Nicholas II, and knew Josephine Butler, General Booth, Cardinal Manning, Canon [illegible] Cecil Rhodes, to [illegible]. The moral was that he managed to keep on good terms with all of them.

[illegible] characteristically, [illegible] had editorial experience he was [illegible] of a provincial newspaper and a [illegible] from the Fourth Estate Grey notes that "this provincial editor of an obscure paper was corresponding with kings and emperors all over the world and receiving long letters from statesmen in every nation." In London he became for three years the immediate subordinate of John Morley, then the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. After Morley's resignation the sparks begin to fly. The influence he exerts is amazing and so well is this brought out that it is possible to feel one's self transported back into the respectable excitement of the late Victorian era.

* * *

Through the *Pall Mall Gazette* Stead compels an unwilling Government to send "Chinese Gordon" to the Sudan; his navy campaign directs public attention to the sad state of the sea defenses and causes Parliament to vote supplementary estimates with little delay and earns him a compliment which delights his patriotic heart: a naval officer refers to him as being "a man who has done more for the British Navy than any Englishman since Lord Nelson." But his culminating triumph is his "Maiden Tribute of Modern Babylon," a campaign by which he exposes the horrors of child prostitution, and by the methods he uses, as well as the language, causes probably one of the fiercest controversies known to Fleet Street. In the end this campaign secures him three months honorable incarceration in Holloway Gaol, but results in the passage of "Stead's Act" (the Criminal Law Amendment Act) which raised the age of consent in such matters from thirteen to sixteen years, which apparently satisfies him.

The "Maiden Tribute" campaign caused the *Pall Mall Gazette* great financial loss and Stead's relations with his employer are never again the same; soon after he leaves to found the *Review of Reviews*. This is the parting of the ways, and as far as journalism is concerned he sinks to the level of a pamphleteer and seems to be interested in everything, everybody, and everybody's business. He becomes deeply interested in spiritualism and so obsessed by it that he loses many of his friends but, as he callously remarks, he gains ten new ones for every one lost. He visits America and convulses Chicago with a social reform campaign and hardly less by his book, "If Christ Comes to Chicago." He becomes curiously enough the apologist of the Jameson Raid and later the unbending opponent of the South African War. His admiration for Russia is almost as sacred as his religion, in fact it is a minor religion with him. Almost in the same breath he can praise the Czar for his famous peace Rescript of 1898 and excuse Bloody Sunday. But these are only seeming eccentricities. His most discreditable undertakings are the campaigns against Parnell and Sir Charles Dilke and are not in line with his usual broad-mindedness. Whether this crusading power was effective or not, and it often was, it was of only indirect consequence; but certain it is that Fleet Street lost a remarkable journalist when the Titanic went down and the world was the poorer for the loss of a man whose aims were invariably altruistic and ennobling.

* * *

The impression which this biography gives of Stead is that of a man whose tremendous energy was put to the highest purposes with a determination that was reckless in its disregard of method and consequence. There is no evidence of his having been intellectually brilliant; his writings reveal a style devoid of art, sterile in originality, powerful in blunt directness, and full of grammatical inelegancies. He was deeply and latterly mystically religious and his life was undoubtedly spent in trying to live up to his exhortation: "Be a Christ!" It was not enough to be Christian.

It is safer to call him a Radical than to attach any other party label to him, despite the fact that he was nominally and for the most part a Liberal. Like many members of the Labor Party he was an Imperialist with a capital "I." For a time he was strongly in favor of an Anglo-Saxon Federation which would bind the British Empire and the United States together and so undo the work of the Revolution. Latterly, however, with superb egotism, he was willing to have the British Empire merged into the American Republic under the Stars and Stripes. "How our ideas grow!" gasps the astonished arch-imperialist, Rhodes, when Stead first tells him of it. "Dear me, how ideas expand!" And it is rather a mundane reflection, after soaring to such heights, to realize that the Rhodes scholarships are all that is left of this magnificent idea.

* * *

Mr. Whyte brings out in graphic relief an amazingly complex character. Such of his contemporaries as Garvin, Gardiner, Massingham, and Spender have paid him high tribute, but none has in essence erected a literary memorial to him such as this biography constitutes. Throughout these pages the magnetism of Stead is apparent and it is small wonder that he was able to make his mark on the world by the strength of his character alone. He had little charm, one feels, scarcely any talent, except, perhaps, in public speaking and conversation, but a self-assurance that stood superior to every other consideration. Normally a humble man, he seems always to have been on his dignity when conversing with royalty and if royalty offended him, as it did at Berlin and Brussels, it is evident from his writings that his *amour-propre* was wounded. On occasion, however, he could be very unpleasant, ill-mannered, and sometimes vulgar and ruthless in his methods. In the presence of the mighty he was not above being unctuous and could stoop on occasion to odious flattery, as when he vainly attempted to secure an audience of King Leopold. But more than anything his shortcomings were due, in words applied to Rhodes, to "fanatical hyperæsthesia of the Ego cuticle."

Yet, there can be no doubt that Stead was a very great man, even when his faults are frankly recognized; and it is due to the editor of these volumes that this estimate can be accepted. All English-speaking people will find this biography full of varied interest and constant enjoyment and as such it can be recommended to and even urged upon the general public; for it is a tale of a modern knight-errant who rode forth slaying evil dragons, tilting against impossible odds, and blazing his way through the world.

Battleground

PARNELL. By St. John Ervine. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by Henry Longan Stuart

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE would be a better historian were he able to rid his mind of certain obsessions more in place in the servants' hall or in the columns of the London *Morning Post* than in a serious work of biography that is to find readers on two continents. One is an impressibility by rank and station seldom found in excess save among men themselves of proletarian strain. Another is a conviction that the Celt is a being of inferior order, racially preordained to be a hewer of wood and drawer of water for his Anglo-Saxon masters, whose only issue from servitude is into blood and rapine. These sentiments pervade Mr. Ervine's "Parnell" from cover to cover, and to multiply instances of their expression would be a thankless task. One or two will suffice to show with what a strange lack of humor and proportion they are used.

"Parnell," his latest biographer notes, "was of Anglo-Saxon blood, the blood of authority and leadership, while his followers were Celts in whose veins flowed only the blood of obedience and submission." As a sole instance of an effective leader issuing from "the cabins," O'Connell is offered us, whose family was one of the most ancient in the West of Ireland with scions in service in every European army, and who was born at Derrynane amid almost feudal pomp and circumstance. Henry O'Shea, a wealthy Limerick lawyer, whose son is sent into a cavalry regiment, is a "climbing father" who "would be a gentle-

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man." The rise of the Parnell family from a draper's shop at Congleton, Cheshire, into the ranks of pinchbeck and alien "aristocracy" in Ireland is recorded as something within the course of nature. As for the mass of the Irish nation, "a ruck of greedy peasants," this sour Ulster phrase-maker cannot regard them without a suspicion of froth on the lips. "The wild beasts issuing from the Celtic soul" strikes him as so good a phrase that he uses it twice in its integrity. Their religion fares no better at his hands, "nauseous piety" and "unsavory piety" being his preferred terms when it is necessary to take it into account. No occasion is too petty for bigotry to seize upon. "He used ("he" is a Dublin jarvey!) language such as only a professing Catholic can use." It need hardly be said that the achievement of nationhood by such a people, unhelped by leaders of the "ascendancy," is little to Mr. Ervine's taste; indeed, I suspect myself that it lies at the root of his ill-temper and bad manners. He consoles himself by affecting to regard the settlement as something very temporary and tenuous. Chaos, he thinks, must return unless some other "chieftain," (of sound Anglo-Saxon shop-keeping strain, no doubt, from Cheshire or perhaps from Belfast) arises and "beats the Irish into a unity that will endure."

Having once discounted Mr. Ervine's graces of style and urbanities of thought, it may be admitted that the story he consents to tell when his prejudices will give him time is rarely tragic and absorbing. The success of Parnell in his bitter strife with the British parliament and civil power is a supreme instance of what hatred can accomplish when fused to a white heat. Whether this hatred of British rule came from his American mother, daughter of Commodore Stewart ("old Ironsides"), or from the terrible tales of cruelty and wrong told him in childhood by peasants round Avondale, or, as Mr. Ervine seems to hint sometimes, from the turbulence of his own blood, to which all restraint was hateful, it is certain that it fitted him singularly to be the leader of a nation and party that had grown sick of compromise and which had learnt by bitter experience the guile and injustice that can sometimes lurk behind the mask of fairness that Great Britain shows the world. The man who had no friends was an ideal chieftain for the country that had none (General Grant refused to receive him in America). The silent man of mystery, his memory haunted by a spectre from the past and his life ravaged by one lawless passion, was no bad captain for a race upon which the conviction that nationhood must be achieved by blood and fire was beginning to dawn, and which almost expects its leaders to perish. "They go to battle"—was it not Ossian who thus wrote of the Celt?—"but they always fall."

* * *

It is easier now than it was twenty years ago to see how well inspired was Parnell in making parliamentary obstruction the basis of his policy in England. Not only was parliamentarism (which today has fallen on dubious days) the ark of the covenant among all English speaking peoples, but it was a façade behind which, with an apparent air of open and unhampered discussion, all sorts of oppressive policies might be carried out. It was the English parliament which made torn paper of the Treaty of Limerick. It was the English parliament, and its bribed creature at Dublin which passed the Act of Union. It was the British parliament which was writing one Coercion Act after another into the statute book, and suspending the Habeas Corpus Act at its will. By using its immunities and privileges to defy and obstruct the whole apparatus of government, Parnell did more than drive the ascendancy party from ambush at Westminster and into the arts of the forger and spy. Through obstruction and boycott he struck the first really effective blow the institution was to receive at the hand of direct action.

Mr. Ervine is entitled to the indignation he displays over the cabal that drove Parnell, at the moment of his triumph, out of public life and to his death, the more so as a rare moment of candor compels him to admit that it was not so much the despised Celt as the British nonconformist who led the hue and cry at his heels. The cold-minded and logical Celt saw no reason for connecting personal morality and statesmanship till it was suggested by liberal nonconformity, Patriotic and saintly Archbishop Walsh merely suggested a temporary retirement "on grounds of expediency." Irish servants and bell-boys crowded round Mr. Harrington in New York, crying: "Mr. Harrington, don't desert him! Don't give him up!" But "the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes roared like a demented fishwife." Mr. W. T. Stead filled the pages of his review with "a sort of sanctimonious scurrility" the inspiration for which perhaps reached him from the spirit world. And Mr. Gladstone "was afraid the Liberals might lose the General Election if Mr. Parnell remained leader of the Irish Party!" As for the Irish party itself, it was its "rump" men like Timothy Healy, to whom accommodation with the old enemy still loomed as a possibility, or, here and there a gloomy ascetic like Michael Davitt, who did the work of the British holier than thous within its ranks.

Throughout his book Mr. Ervine makes great play with an imaginary being whom he dubs "the Sardonic Dramatist." But the Sardonic Dramatist never did a finer or more sardonic job in effecting through Parnell's disgrace and fall, what his tragic life had left half-done. It was his fall that completed the estrangement with British liberalism—his legend that left behind it the legacy of hatred and distrust of everything English, no matter what label it bore, which was to culminate twenty years later in Sinn Fein, the *rising*, government by Black and Tan—and the Free State.

Gary and Steel

THE LIFE OF JUDGE GARY. By IDA M. TARBELL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by REXFORD GUY TUGWELL
Columbia University

ONE who has known Miss Tarbell chiefly for her able, accurate, and fearless history of the Standard Oil group, comes to the last chapter of her treatment of the Steel Corporation with a sense of astonishment which gradually fades out into regret. Finally one sees the humor of the thing. For Miss Tarbell has written not history, nor biography here, but romance and mighty dull romance at that! Her book, which begins as the life story of Judge Gary, runs off at about its middle into a eulogy of the Corporation, of which, according to Miss Tarbell, he was the sole parent and which he has so made over in his own image that the two—individual and corporation—are indistinguishable.

The disappointment one feels after reading the book is of two sorts. One sort arises from the fact that it cannot in any sense be said to be a life of Gary unless the man's whole life is involved in the corporation he created. What is disclosed of him, rather dimly, makes him appear as a smooth, cautious, over-pious individual, who never drew breath outside a typical lawyer's office. It can't be true, as she says, that he is something of a sportsman! Since it is difficult to believe that a character so incredibly hypocritical could have functioned in American business through the first twenty buccaneering years of the country, one simply leaves the book feeling that Miss Tarbell has somehow forgot the most important ingredients of her biographical dish. As a matter of fact the picture of Gary becomes almost ridiculously like the Coolidge of the campaign committee myth.

* * *

The other disappointment arises from the fact that, unlike her Standard Oil book, this one offers no authentic record of the Steel Corporation's inside history. That still remains to be done. In her effort to show that the distinction between a good and a bad trust is that between the oil and steel groups, Miss Tarbell has slighted or slurred many facts of a different sort that nevertheless belong to this history. For instance, because she believes that the Steel group never adversely influenced prices, it was not necessary for her to defend so vigorously its open-shop labor attitude. The steel corporation is notoriously one of the most backward businesses in the country in developing a modern policy in this field. Miss Tarbell has managed to avoid many main issues of this kind and to hide the corporation's—and Gary's—failures in discussion of the unessentials of the corporation's program. The conclusion finally is unavoidable, that either there have been disastrous prejudices in her mind or she has failed to define issues and trace relevant facts. One reviewer, indeed, feels that, unfortunately, both may be true.

The problem in political economy involved is whether business ought to be permitted to develop without interference from public agencies other than the prevention of unfair trade practices. On this point Miss Tarbell seems to have shifted from her earlier position. She now contends that the steel integration was economically justifiable, indeed inevitable, because of the economies involved. She never felt that way about oil. And she does not meet the logical difficulty involved in the fact that the smaller steel businesses were still able to compete even after the consolidation. She knows that from the time of the Corporation's organization until the war the majority percentage of the business gradually shifted to the independents. Was this because the corporation made no economies as compared with the smaller firms, or did it deliberately maintain prices as high as they would have been if there had been no integration? Either assumption leaves something to be explained by one who contends that the corporation's policy has always been one of conserving the public interest. It also makes one wonder concerning some of the general motives ascribed to the pious figurehead.

The truth is that, as biography, the book is deficient and sickishly eulogistic; and as history of business it is prejudiced and smugly unrevealing. One can appreciate Judge Gary's great service to the steel industry and wonder what will happen to it when he passes, without feeling him to have been a great public servant or Miss Tarbell the perfect biographer.

Demos and His Ghost

THE PHANTOM PUBLIC. By WALTER LIPPMAN. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by W. Y. ELLIOTT
Harvard University

THERE is another ghost who walks, unlaid, through these pages. It is the ghost of Jean Jacques Rousseau, curiously topsy-turvy, as if he were going, quite deftly, on his hands. Form, terse and nervous prose style, the apparent simplicity and directness of the logic, all suggest the "Contrat Social"; but the matter is antipodean to the gospel of direct democracy.

What the "Contrat Social" was to the rationalistic apologists of the divine right of the majority during the last century and a half "The Phantom Public," along with its companion piece, "Public Opinion," may well become to the pluralistic anti-intellectualism of our times, if contemporary acclaim is at all gifted with the voice of prophecy. It was Rousseau, the arch-Romanticist of "Emile" and the "Confessions," who turned the essentially mystic dogma of a *volonté générale* and a *moi commun* into that classic of rationalistic sophistry which came equally patly to hand to the men of the Convention of 1789, and to the men of the later Directorate. Our Mr. Lippman, who taught us in "Public Opinion" all of anti-intellectualism's despite for the "stereotypes" of emotional attitudes played upon by the slogan makers, has wound up by treating that unruly beast, the Public, as if it were a responsible agent, and by addressing to it the pious exhortation to be itself and mind its own business! Substantially the new gospel amounts to a command, or perhaps an entreaty, to public opinion to keep hands-off, except so far as it is necessary to enforce a settled rule of conduct determinable by "conformity and assent."

This comes as very queer doctrine from the whilom crusader of the *New Republic*, a very counsel of editorial despair, one would say. But it soon develops that if conformity and assent are wanting for an old rule the public is kindly requested not to meddle with the merits of a "problem" (such as a strike of coal miners) about which it can really know nothing. It can with propriety—one dare not use the word justice—only align itself to prevent covert or open violence, at-

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tempting to establish an "equilibrium" which will force a settlement by consent. As for justice, the word means nothing more than a satisfactory settlement: a condition in which complaints are not loud, urgent, or frequent. The public has a right to an opinion on the intrinsic merits of the problem, apparently because it is only a spectator.

The Phantom Public that appears to Mr. Lippman to be no more than the shadow of a shadow is a constantly operative and uniformly oriented Group Mind, religiously supposed to speak *vox populi*. One may doubt whether this godhead is as much worshipped latterly as he fears, at least in quarters where the "Phantom Public" will be read. It needs no talk of phantoms to tell us this. The omnicompetent general will has for some time been bowed off the stage of political ideas, not too ceremoniously. But it is this antique way of thinking in terms of an infallible group mind that Mr. Lippman holds responsible for the current ills of democracy. He thinks it has been responsible for creating an impossible demand on public *opinion*, a demand which has resulted in the breakdown of any control whatever in areas where public *opinions* ought to operate. Leviathan has been goaded into attempting feats that call for the most impossibly sustained and agile effort. Leviathan has balked and turned sulky; or Leviathan has mistaken his clumsy gestures for those that would serve actually to conduct the whole symphony of society. Mr. Lippman is apparently more concerned with the latter attitude than with the former. Executive action is entirely outside the scope of public opinion, so far as the actual performance of it is concerned. "Our public opinions are always and forever by their very nature, an attempt to control the actions of others from the outside."

* * *

One may doubt without disrespect, whether the Public is prepared to accept this new social contract by which it voluntarily binds itself to an armed neutrality. Every modern constitution is an attempt to lay down "the settled rule" and the clear means of changing that rule which Mr. Lippman proposes as his criteria for intelligent (though ignorant) intervention. But surely formal tests of this sort can hardly be of much value in the area of socially vital conflicts where opinions are actually being formed and where they are operative to reform the rules. There the public ceases to be a spectator and becomes a painfully interested party. If "The Phantom Public" has no other criteria to offer, it is hardly more than an exhortation to constitutional morality, and to a chastened public ego. There are some very sound additional observations on the value of public debate, and on the necessity of requiring disputants to submit to public inquiry into their cases. Even here, however, the only virtue of the debate is that it may "betray the partisan"—who is apparently bound to be wrong, from the public view, because the rôle of the public should be one of a neutrality commensurate with its ignorance. It is hard to see any rôle for the public which demands an opinion of it.

The disturbing spectre which has haunted Mr. Lippman into this counsel of imperfection to Demos is undoubtedly "Education for Citizenship," capitalized in every sense of the word. There *is* something monstrous about the thing. But his counsel is also one of perfection in exhorting the public to the recognition of its imperfection. He hopes for the acceptance of a vaguely outlined devolution of political control and an acceptance too of the liberalism whose motto is live and let live.

But Demos is hardly to be kept from holding opinions and acting upon them. Nor has centralization of control resulted merely from his opinions. The question one must grapple with first is, What social and economic forces put ideas into his head? The next question is, What happens to these ideas there before they issue in action? It is worse than idle to ask that those twin "realms of disorder," as nationalism and industrialism are called, be cured by some syndicalistic devolution of powers and of opinions. It seems even less consonant with Mr. Lippman's usual perspicacity to find him asking the public opinion of nations to treat the affairs of their business men in competitive quarrels as merely the affairs of private individuals. The success of England's business men in monopolizing rubber, for instance, may mean the weight in the balance between economic catastrophe or slow recovery to the whole nation.

Demos gets his ideas filtred through many a dubious medium. Still, a general election is to some degree decided on what the majority believes to be the merits of the case of the parties, taken roughly, but by no "settled rule." Unless we are to find some better authoritarian principle than democracy we must still face the fact that men who have the vote are going to hold strong opinions about their rights to opinions.

Chemistry of Personality

THE PERSONAL EQUATION. By Louis Berman, M. D. New York: The Century Co. 1925.

Reviewed by Joseph Jastrow
University of Wisconsin

THE question raised by Dr. Berman: "Are we gland-controlled marionettes?" is framed for an affirmative reply. "The blood and the nervous system and the glands of internal secretion form a triumvirate of chemical machines whose integrated functioning is the soul." "Life is a piece of chemical clockwork." We have arrived at a glandular psychology; for we are such stuff as our glands are made of. There are two dominant aspects of this momentous thesis. The first is the chemical accent which it gives to the concept of biological regulations. The glands of internal secretion become the chief actors in the drama of life. The caste is set and the parts assigned; the thyroid, the adrenals, the pituitary, the parathyroids, the glands of sex, and the rest,—each has its romance, its very distinctive vital rôle. Fate in the make-up of our glandular heredity determines career; in some sense there are "the Mendelian elect and the Mendelian damned." We cannot by taking thought or any other exercise add a cubit to our stature, because the glands determine our height no less than our intelligence. It is the second aspect of this thesis that engages our interest—the varieties of personality for which along with our appearance, our bulk, our stature, and our detailed features, the glands are subtly responsible.

As applied to extreme cases the facts have been familiar. The cretin, the "gargoyle of creative chemistry," is no longer a hopeless idiot, stamped alike in bodily and mental defect, but by thyroid feeding is transformed to quasi-normal—a miracle of the chemistry of personality. More delicate and yet of the same order is the relief of lethargy, of failing memory by similar treatment; while the explanation of excessive emotionality and instability follows the same clue. The changes of interest and expression of the several ages of man are clearly related to the rise and fall of the sex-glands in their direction of venture and character. The issue of it all is a doctrine of character-types in terms of dominance of glandular composition. This, too, is included in the present thesis; and a series of faces including Keats and Shelley, portraits by Velasquez, Raphael, and Titian, as well as the physiognomy of Wilson and Harding, illustrate features of glandular character-reading. Wilson is the "pituitary centred type," and Harding the "adrenal centred"; and that contrast is the clue to their differences of temperament and career. Age and sex are likewise reflected in glandular dominance, and conversions and reforms are less spiritual than glandular. Not that the rest is neglected: the ancestral, the historical, as well as the physico-chemical personality is recognized; and it is duly set forth that circumstances as well as chromosomes shape career. But through the whole of life the glandular key unlocks the psychological cupboard, and in the language of gland-traits must be read the diversities and limitations of personality.

A thesis of such wide sweep must be judged by the loyalty to scientific evidence which it exhibits and the restraint it exercises in the perspective of conclusion and data. Dr. Berman is a skilful popularizer and is under the temptation of his gift to make telling statements that heighten the color-scheme of his picture. Those who follow his personally conducted tour will "get off" at different stages of the journey; and biologists and psychologists alike, if of critical temper, may discredit the entire enterprise. They may cautiously decide that truth when so largely mingled with questionable inference, carries all the mischief making power of error. No one questions that glands have an integral influence on personality, and that the glandular clue is a permanent addition to our insight into human nature and behavior. As such it enters into the chapter on the organic basis of behavior, which has achieved a growing recognition in all recent psychological views. We have indeed started our psychology too high up; the organic background of psychic functioning must be elaborated if particularly we are to understand the earlier and simpler stages of human behavior, and its abnormal expressions as well.

But when the glands have been accorded their due, the story is by no means complete. The varieties of character and types of behavior must all be written in neural terms before they are adequately rendered; the neurological clue is not displaced; its foundations are more thoroughly exposed. In addition to the danger of a "fakerish" misapplication of the reading of facial features in glandular terms, there is the more fundamental distortion of the great psychological principles which reflect the complexity of the psychic life and its manifold conditioning. To see the mental life sanely it is essential to see it whole; and the exaggeration of one phase of its conditioning is likely to obscure even more than to illuminate. It interferes with a correct chiariscuro which it is the aim of a scientific view to establish. However, psychologists are sufficiently conservative to run little danger of losing their souls in the process of saving their glands. Despite the apparent aubisipation, it is a far cry from the fanciful suggestion of Descartes that the soul is resident in the pineal gland, or the Greek view that secretions (humors), conjecturally determined, condition temperaments. The experimental evidence of the modern laboratory, the logic that establishes the findings protects from misinterpretation.

Advertising Languages

MASTERS OF ADVERTISING COPY. A Symposium. Edited by J. George Frederick. New York: Frank-Maurice. 1925. $5.

THE LANGUAGE OF ADVERTISING. By John B. Opdycke. New York: Isaac Pitman & Sons. 1925. $3.50.

ADVERTISING: ITS USE AND ABUSE. By Sir Charles Higham. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. $1.

Reviewed by Earnest Elmo Calkins

"MASTERS OF ADVERTISING COPY" reminds us of those synthetic works, "Half Hours with the Best Authors." J. George Frederick has conceived the idea of making a symposium of the utterances of two dozen advertising experts on the important subject of copy. For such a job he is eminently fitted. He has been at one time or another editor of nearly every advertising trade journal. He contributes an interesting introduction, in which he traces the probable development of advertising from the wall scratchings of prehistoric cavemen down to the compelling work of the men who have written the body of his book. He further contributes an essay under his own main title, thus aligning himself with the Masters, and bringing their tale up to twenty-five. The twenty-five comprise thirteen free lances, nine advertising agents, two advertising managers, and one art director. And three of the Masters are Mistresses, one being the wife of the disillusioned author of "Bunk" and "Lottery."

Most of these essays have been published before in advertising trade papers, or delivered as addresses before picked advertising audiences, and the book suffers in unity and coherence on that account. Some are mere chance papers, as John Lee Mahin's reminiscences and Mrs. Woodward's claim in behalf of the potential market for books, while more than one—the ruling passion—is an advertisement of the writer's skill and prowess, in the vain hope the book may fall into the hands of a possible customer.

Nothing, I fear, is less likely. The advertiser, the man who pays for advertising, does not read

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books about it, worse luck. If there ever was a book he could read with profit, this is it, for some of its writers have not refrained from pointing out, what we all know so well, that the job of persuading the advertiser to use the right copy is as hard as the job of producing it. Says Irving Fletcher, free lance Ishmael, whose hand is against all advertising agents, and who of all persons should feel the situation least—for an advertiser hires a free lance to get his peculiar brand of copy, while to the advertising agent an account is merely an opportunity to submit the latest styles for his client's approval—

> We shall have a much more robust and remunerative profession when we learn to sell copy and art and ideas like steel rails, instead of conducting ourselves like supplicants for alms. The mediæval idea of procuring a patron still persists among some of us, when all that an advertising artist needs to sell his wares is to borrow the methods of those he wants to sell them to.

And Kenneth Goode supports the same thesis in a felicitous article, in the course of which he asserts that the advertiser's confidence in his own ability to judge advertising copy "costs the business men of the United States far more money annually than the nation's standing army."

The one thing the disciple will learn from reading this book is that there are almost as many ways of writing good copy as there are masters. Which is a fortunate thing, for although it is the mouthpiece of standardized business, advertising can never be standardized. Its success lies always in its infinite variety. So we find here at one end of the line-up Mr. Frederick himself, showing that all copy must rest on a bed rock of painfully ascertained facts, and at the other, Bruce Barton declaring that "a little touch of human interest will outpull what may be technically a very much better advertisement, but which lacks that human touch which makes the whole world kin." The truth lies among them, and there is no advertising man, and certainly no advertiser, who will not learn something from this book.

Mr. Opdycke's book is hard to classify. It is certainly not an advertising book. The author's attitude toward advertising is curiously detached. He writes from the outside. He gives much space to things of no value to advertisement writing, and illustrates his points with advertisements that are frequently bad. He seems to believe that any advertisement that gets into print is a good advertisement. If one should go through the book and cut the word "advertising" wherever it appears, the book would lose little. It would still remain a much too long (there are over 200,000 words) and rather rambling work on the art of writing, including pronunciation, spelling, and punctuation, illustrated with copious extracts from the whole range of English literature.

There is a long chapter on prosody and versification, sprinkled with those funny Greek words applied to poetic feet, such as dactyl and iambic and anapest, and exposition of verse forms like the terza rima and villanelle and rondeau, documented by quotations from Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Browning, Tennyson, Keats, Shelley, and the rest of the tuneful train. If any copy writer feels called upon to imitate Silas Wegg, which Heaven forfend, he will get far more help from Edgar Guest and Edward Lear. The only examples Mr. Opdycke could find to cap his long treatise were a wretched jingle about Van Raalte underwear, and a still more wretched one about Campbell's soups. The day of the jingle in advertising passed with Sunny Jim, Phoebe Snow, and Spotless Town. The only thing we can think of to which to liken "The Language of Advertising" is "The Anatomy of Melancholy," or that still more disconnected scrap book, Augustus de Morgan's "Budget of Paradoxes."

Just why its editors should see fit to reprint in the Home University Library of Modern Knowledge Sir Charles Higham's slight book on "Advertising" is past understanding. It is an English book, describing English advertising, which is about twenty years behind our own, despite the gallant efforts of Sir Charles to introduce the real Yankee stuff. Its author began his advertising career in this country in the Lee Lash studios, soliciting advertisements to be painted on the drop curtains of country theatres. Having learned the essentials, he returned to his native land and now he is head of an advertising agency, a member of Parliament, and a baronet. His book does not subtract anything from the sum total of knowledge about advertising, but it adds very little to it.

American Sources

AMERICANA. By MILTON WALDMAN. New York: Henry Holt and Co. 1925.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

BIBLIOGRAPHY is not ordinarily regarded as a peculiarly thrilling study. Yet Mr. Waldman succeeds in making it so in his volume on the sources of American history from the Discovery to the Revolution. Nearly all of the early explorers, from Columbus on, left fairly copious records, and in the present account of these, brief as it necessarily is in each case, we come close to the activities and personalities of the writers.

Few of us would remember, if we ever knew, that Christopher Columbus was so fond of writing letters that his habit was ridiculed by King Ferdinand's court fool Zurega, or that these letters contain the essence of a Greek tragedy, moving swiftly from the suppressed rapture of the first announcement of the great discovery to the insanity and despair of the last voyage. Mr. Waldman brings before us the noble and heroic priest, Las Casas, whom John Fiske characterized as "a figure which is in some respects the most beautiful and sublime in the annals of Christianity since the Apostolic Age," writing his vain appeals for justice to the Indian; Pizarro, drawing a line in the sand and saying to his men, "Gentlemen! This line signifies labor, hunger, thirst, fatigue, wounds, sickness, and every other kind of danger that must be encountered in this conquest until life is ended. Let those who have the courage to meet and overcome the dangers of this heroic achievement cross the line. . . and let those who feel unworthy return to Panama; for I do not wish to put force upon any man"; Hernando de Soto, of whom a contemporary wrote, "This Governor was very fond of the sport of killing Indians"; and all the rest of that dazzling procession of saints, heroes, rogues and adventurers, seekers for treasure in earth or heaven, that passed across the Atlantic to the making of America.

* * *

The tale of the search for lost books, sometimes rediscovered after centuries of disappearance, or for submerged first editions now demanding enormous prices, carries with it an almost equal sense of adventure. Thus the long-sought Santangel Letter of Columbus, the first printed announcement of the discovery, was at last found in 1852 but held the prize of priority only until 1889 when an earlier copy was discovered, carelessly bound up as the end-leaves of an old Spanish book upon another subject; and of this letter, which the Spanish printer regarded merely as good binding material, Mr. Waldman can write today, "perhaps alone of books it is beyond price." And thus, to skip several centuries, Poe's first published work, "Tamerlane and Other Poems," apparently did not bring in even enough to pay the printer and seemed to have passed totally out of existence until a copy was discovered in 1884, subsequently supplemented by three others of which one in 1919 was bought for $11,500, "the highest price ever paid for a book by an American author." Merit, of course, has little to do with determining such prices, yet rarity is not entirely sufficient to account for them: the first edition of "The Scarlet Letter," for example, although less common than "The Tale of Two Cities," appears to be only one-tenth as valuable to the collector. The matter seems to depend partly upon supply and partly upon the fashion of antiquarian taste at the moment.

Forgery and fakery also add their quotum to the zest of Mr. Waldman's volume. Alleged manuscripts of the Columbus letter for a time circulated widely, fetching as much as $4500 apiece. In the seventeenth century, Father Louis Hennepin's impudent attempt to rob La Salle of the credit for the exploration of the Mississippi and Baron La Hontan's wholly fictitious account of his travels in America "survived many more reliable historians." Earlier yet, the effrontery of Amerigo Vespucci by imposing upon the credulity of a pedantic priest resulted in affixing the name of a rogue and charlatan upon two continents.

The supreme value of Mr. Waldman's book, however, lies in the fact that it affords the first careful and adequate treatment of the materials of our history. It is amazingly complete, bringing together and weighing the pertinent data on nearly all the important records in the period of which it treats. The serious student of American history will find here the information he needs as to what are the earliest sources, where they are now accessible, and how far they are to be trusted. It is a rare pleasure to find a work of such definitive scholarship that no other is likely to be needed in the same immediate field. That pleasure Mr. Waldman affords us.

Drawn from the Wood

FULL AND BY: A Collection of Verses by Persons of Quality in Praise of Drinking. Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson and Edited by Cameron Rogers with Prefaces by Don Marquis and Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1925. $7.50. (Also 209 de luxe copies, autographed by Wilson, Rogers, Marquis, and Morley, with hand-colored woodblocks, $25.)

PROHIBITION was almost worth waiting for if it produces so rich a book as this. Mr. Cameron Rogers, in a full-blooded Squire Western foreword, alternately tilting the jack and pulling down Tom D'Urfey, Chappell, and the Roxburghe Ballads, has the handsome touch for a maltworming editor: he is rake among scholars and scholar among rakes. He summons two guest-prelates momentarily behind the bar, Messrs. Marquis and Morley, who polish a few tumblers and ejaculate enigmatically. Mr. Marquis really cries palinode, disclaims the apostolic succession of the Old Soak, and remarks wistfully that he has wasted too much time looking after drunken friends. If they were laid end to end, he says, (and most likely they were), they would reach from Ground Hog's Day to Hallowe'en. Mr. Morley tells how, by loitering on a pier, he was given some *Malaga Dulce*. This moves him to quote Shakespeare, Marcus Aurelius, R. W. Emerson, George Herbert, and the wine-card of a Burgundian inn. "It was on a grapevine swing," he meditates, "that man first teetered a little nearer the stars."

Mr. Rogers has done his editing with tact and spirit. There are some of the familiar glees that one expects in every drinking collection (he includes the music of some good old catches), the Dekkers and Heywoods and Jonsons, Thackeray, Holmes, Chris North, Goldsmith, Chesterton, Belloc, Masefield, etc. But there are many lively and less known madrigals too; Tom D'Urfey, he of the Pills to Purge Melancholy, walks a lyric zigzag, and one commends specially the inclusion of some savory native material, honoring the cocktail and the applejack. The golden ember of Bacchus lurks in all Mr. Rogers's choices, and since the book is necessarily in a valediction strain it has the enchantment that only memory can lend. "Full and By!" a witty and inspired title. Mr. Rogers explains it for us drouthy landsmen by quoting Falconer's Marine Dictionary—

> "*Full and By*, the situation of a ship with regard to the wind, when she is close hauled, and sailing in such a manner as neither to steer too nigh the direction of the wind, nor deviate to leeward; both of which movements are unfavorable to her course . . ."

The analogy is perfect.

This spirited book, generously worth its high cost, will be a joy to bibliophiles of quality; and obviously the most important wealth in it is the admirable talent of its illustrator, Mr. Edward A. Wilson, who first became known to us in his "Iron Men and Wooden Ships" a year ago. He was described then as "the American Lovat Fraser" but it is now apparent that his gift is more grotesque and versatile than that of the greatly lamented Fraser. With singular skill he catches in his drawings the particular flavor and essence of each ditty; there is a sparkling ease and vigor in these rollicking frescoes; his pencil runs as gaily as a quick lizard darting in a trellis of sunny grape-leaves. He has the pawkiest humor, and contributes his own sly merriment to everything he handles. His publishers have dealt bravely with him, for the arrangement, color, and print-work all show not merely careful skill but a kind of jolly gusto, as if everything about this book had been done in bursts of revelry. It is really a gorgeous job, and shows us Mr. Wilson as among the most delightfully antic and masculine draughtsmen of our time. The book is really merry enough to bring Christmas itself back to its elder cheer; it is worthy of the old gay rituals it honors and tenderly ridicules.

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Negro Folk Song

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Edited by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON. New York: B. W. Huebsch-Viking Press. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by R. EMMET KENNEDY
Author of "Mellows—Negro Work Songs"

IT IS to be hoped that the appearance of this book, with its scholarly and analytical introduction by James Weldon Johnson, will serve to enlighten and convince the dissenting critics inclined to deny the Negro any claim to originality of musical expression. The book is a collection of importance and excellence, likewise a fine commentary on the unique and conspicuous distinction enjoyed by the Negroes of the South in that they are the lone perpetuators and disseminators of folk-song in this country. The musical talent of the uneducated Negro finds its truest expression in religious song, the kind of cantilated prayer which has come to be known as the spiritual. These songs are genuine productions, conceived by unlettered people with insular minds, the immortal hope-songs of inspired souls dreaming in bondage.

The musical arrangements in this collection are by J. Rosamond Johnson and Lawrence Brown. They have succeeded admirably in keeping true to the racial characteristics of rhythm and harmony, the distinctive charms of Negro music, without losing the graceful simplicity inseparable from all folk-song.

The selection is a representative one and shows the Negro's creative musical genius to fine advantage. That these early psalmists appropriated the dramatic fancies, picturesque incidents, and symbolic language gleaned from the Bible stories they heard and the words of the prescribed hymns sung by the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Congregational church people with whom they came in contact, cannot be denied. But upon examination of any of the old hymnals used by these various denominations, in comparison with any of the spirituals of old plantation days, practically no melodic similarity can be found that would hint of imitation.

* * *

To get a correct idea of the type of songs and ballads sung by the English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh colonists, plantation owners, and emigrants who settled in the South, we have only to consult Cecil Sharp's "Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachian Mountains," a scientific collection made in the remote and isolated regions of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee; or the "Lonesome Tunes" and "Twenty Kentucky Mountain Songs" of Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway. If these were among the songs sung by the slaves on the plantations and used by them as critics have inferred, as models for their stirring, moving hymn-songs, it is well worth the attention of the investigator to compare the two as productions. It is no difficult matter to identify the English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh originals of the so-called American ballad of today. A glance at Cecil Sharp's "English Folk Songs from Somerset and Devon," the Irish of Charles Stanford Villiers or Charles Scottish collections of Colin Brown Lay or Helen Hopekirk, and the W of Arthur Somervell. Parallels Plane be discovered between these American variants and the old plantation Negroes? W are unable.

The melodies and rhythms of Negro music show the influence of the pentatonic scale, others having scales which include the quarter tones. The same peculiarity in Negro music, likewise declared influence, is not aware of the fact that it is a common characteristic of all primitive music, besides being purely oriental and thus the Negro's by right of African inheritance. Unlike the songs of the Asiatic people, the native African chants are mostly in the major key; but the American Negro, feeling the minor key more appropriate for the voicing of his songs of sorrow and hymns of hope, enlarged his scale and made the intervals bolder and evolved his inborn fantastic melody which closely approaches the miraculous.

The BOWLING GREEN

PHILADELPHIA, *urbs alma carissima*, has been conning the sky. It is about to publish *The Philadelphian*. "Our aim," the editor writes, "is to make *The Philadelphian* more or less of a cross between *Vanity Fair* and the *New Yorker;* but much less sophisticated than either. We thought that probably you might have some material on hand that you might wish to submit to us for publication."

How pleasant, one ponders, if a writer always had "material on hand" (carefully classified in various grades of "sophistication"). We regret that we have nothing on hand that assesses less than 30% naïveté.

There is a pleasant theme here for the editor of *The Philadelphian* to expound. The New York theory evidently is to be as sophisticated as one possibly can. The Philadelphia notion, which appears more profoundly cynical, is to pull a King Canute on the beach; to denote beforehand exactly where you will quit being sophomore. Like that determined fellow who always put on his flannels at Thanksgiving, regardless of the weather.

* * *

More important news from Philadelphia, which I have not seen much commented, is that Leary's famous old bookstore is established in temporary quarters at 1214 Arch street while its home at 9 South 9th Street is enlarged and rebuilt. Fifty men and five trucks worked a day and a half moving Leary's stock (over a million books) to Arch Street, and what I should like to read would be an essay by Philip Warner, the Santayana of Leary's staff, describing the adventure. It is said that in the new Leary's special ash-trays are going to be attached to the shelves so that customers may safely smoke while they browse.

* * *

Doctor Canby has promised that some time early in the New Year the *Saturday Review* will publish an issue giving space to Neglected Books, books that have never really had their day in court, or have been misconceived by the critics. This seems to me an excellent idea, and for my own part I promise to write about a Neglected Book that has been o. p. for many years and which was written neither by Mr. C. E. Montague nor Mr. Pearsall Smith. I want to remind any clients who have an ember of indignation in their souls in regard to any insufficiently appreciated favorite, now is the time to bare their bosoms to Dr. Canby. Bosoms can be adequately bared, I believe, in three or four hundred words.

* * *

With regard to some Neglected Books, we do make progress. I believe it would be unlikely now for any critic to be so hardy as to say of Emily Dickinson: "It is becoming clear that she was overrated. Her eccentric fragments are mere conceits, crude jottings of a brooding mind; they are crudely wrought, colorless and for the most part worthless. They should have been allowed to perish as their author intended."

This is from Professor F. L. Pattee's "History of American Literature Since 1870," published in 1915.

* * *

[illegible] writes from Paris:—

[illegible] talking in the Bowling Green about that [illegible] the "Average American" in Paris. It seems [illegible] that that simple-minded person is now[illegible]dazzled. He has seen, in the past six months, [illegible] version of an ancient myth: that Paris was [illegible] home of all Americans and that every French[illegible] was to embrace any American at sight. Now, [illegible] getting just a little weary of the annual [illegible], our friend, after having been short-changed [illegible] tobacconists, sneered at by head-waiters, and [illegible]pooned by music-hall artists, goes to his only real spiritual Home—the office of the American Express Company—and confides to compatriots that "they don't love us any more." It would be surprising if they did. Let me give you one example of his ways. There was a young man, lately graduate from an Eastern university, who remarked frequently on the voyage over (his first) that Paris was the only place where a man of delicate sensibility could learn to be a creative artist; there, in Murgerian freedoms, his pent spirit would come to flower. Well, how did he celebrate his arrival in the [illegible]? By [illegible]ssembly to the Cherbourg [illegible] a number of cigarettes he had with him. When that official readily discovered twenty more packages of Chesterfields concealed in the young man's golf-bag, it was not pleasant. I know that young man's kind: he has been taught that the adage *Montani semper libertini* applies especially to the mountains of Martre and Parnasse. Some day, having drunk too much, he will accost the wrong lady; and the only thing that will save him from being hauled off by an *agent de police* is that his French is so grotesque she will not even know he is insulting her. I wish it were possible to keep at home until they are reasonably mature some of our citizens who make things difficult for the rest.

* * *

Apparently someone in this large office-building had overheard the learned and laborious Editor of this review referred to as Doctor. For the other day there came an agitated telephone call from a neighboring office. "Please send the Doctor up here at once." The *Saturday Review's* mannerly telephone lady was startled. "Havent you got a Doctor there?" repeated the inquirer.

"Only a Doctor of Philosophy," replied our *consœur*.

* * *

A young publisher was regretting that there are no authors nowadays who venture to play with their readers as, for instance, Meredith in the idyllic love-scene in "Feverel," where the penny-whistle provides a mock-Theocritus *motif*. And he went on to say, or was about to when interrupted, that romantic love is rather harshly and grimily handled in current fiction.

This may or may not be so; but thinking about it I was reminded of a chat I had with a bookseller some months ago. He is something of a connoisseur of trees, and was distressed because some pines in his garden were—as he put it—pining away. Some mysterious pox afflicted them, and he called in a forester to consult. The latter told him that the evil was due to his having currant bushes in his garden. (I hope I have this right: I tell it as I remember it.) Apparently the proximity of currants induces some debility in pine trees, and they wither and die.

Perhaps, it occurred to me, a similar botany takes place in literature. Most publishers' gardens have plenty of currant-bushes nowadays; by which I mean a low scrubby or bushy sort of novel with thorny and acid properties; excellent for many nourishing and refreshing flavors, but not timber for sea-going purposes. The charm of a pine-tree is quite other; chiefly in its height and symmetry, its evergreen durability, and the pleasant mournfulness of the wind in its fronds. Perhaps, the conifer novel is, for the moment, poxed by some emanation from the currants at its feet.

Or perhaps the analogy is nonsense.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Federalist: 1925 Model

(*Continued from page* 401)

servatives as he are congenitally incapable of seeing a great principle working out in the disorderly and unlovely movement of American civilization. They smite the inevitable with swords and see disaster in every incident of social evolution. We may be headed for a cliff, but we are not for that reason swine, to be estimated solely as such. Those Gadarene pigs would have equally infuriated the swineherd whether they ran for the sea or the mountains.

The lumbering march of democracy goes on, the mob and masters of the mob and more in control, toward what end who knows? But with each year a little more comfort, a little more power, a little more opportunity to be a fool, or a knave, or a civilized individual comes to the average, commonplace man. Round its columns the light-armed troopers ride, picking off a stupid one now and then, and raining bright darts on unprotected and unconscious backs. They cannot stop the human race; they can only harass; without them we would be more fatuous, more vain, duller; but with or without them we go on where our humanity, not their reason, calls us.

Hamlet is a gruesome tragedy with practically everyone dead in the last act whether they deserve it or not—which is not the approved ending for a play in this country. Shakespeare is almost as bad as Ibsen and it takes a morbid or primitive nature to enjoy a play of that kind.

Eugene (Ore.) Daily Guard

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Books of Special Interest

Vignettes

ROMAN CONVERTS. By ARNOLD LUNN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by T. LAWRASON RIGGS

"THE Unbiassed Historian is a Myth. Historians are either readable or unreadable. . . . A writer's religion, irreligion, and politics must color all he writes. The art of history, like other arts, consists of selection, in the choice of a few samples from the unassorted bundles which litter the lumber-rooms of the past; and it is in the choice of samples that the historian reveals his philosophy." Thus Mr. Lunn, apropos of Mr. Strachey. The remarks are highly applicable to the author of "Roman Converts." His philosophy and religion, if any, are indeed too tenuous to be inferred, but his studies of Newman, Manning, Tyrrell Chesterton, and Ronald Knox, are permeated by a bitter and unwearying prejudice against the Catholic Church, whose doctrines he seems incapable of accurately representing.

A significant though harmless little blunder is the misuse of "probabilism" in the essay on Newman. "Probabilism" is the name of a school of moral theology. Newman, as a reference to Ward's "Life" will show, was accused by adverse critics of making religious faith rest on "probabilities." Mr. Lunn has most characteristically picked up the term "probabilism" without knowing what it means. More important errors can hardly be looked on as unconscious. They would have been easily avoided if there had been any desire to avoid them. Thus, the Catholic presentation of the relationship between natural and revealed religion is flippantly caricatured, and the doctrine of Papal Infallibility receives no better treatment, though the Vatican Council's definition is quoted in full.

An especially outrageous instance of Mr. Lunn's perversity is his treatment of the Catholic doctrine concerning eternal punishment. According to him, "Until the world revolted, the Church continued to teach that God by the fiat of his unchallenged will had called into being unnumbered millions with the foreknowledge, and, therefore, the intention, that they should pass Eternity in excruciating agony. . . . All those who died outside of the Church, the noblest of the ancients, the millions who were born and died in happy ignorance of the peculiar good-tidings proclaimed by the Church, and all babes who died unbaptized were doomed to the same fate." Father Martindale's statement, in "God and the Supernatural," that unbaptized children pass into a state of natural happiness after death, is regarded as a mere watering down of offensive doctrine under the pressure of modern enlightenment.

Now all this is quite demonstrably wrong. That God's foreknowledge involves the condemnation to eternal punishment of anyone without any fault of his own was condemned as heresy in Lucidus in the fifth century, in Gottschalk in the ninth, and in Calvin in the sixteenth. Not that the relations between divine foreknowledge and human freewill are anything but mysterious. But a mystery is not necessarily a contradiction, and if Mr. Lunn's meditations have led him to conclude that God's foreknowledge is incompatible with man's freewill, he should at least know that the Church has insisted on the latter as strenuously as on the former.

As to the salvation of the virtuous pagans, the mediæval scholastics provided for its possibility by their theories of "implicit faith" and "baptism of desire." If these are subterfuges, they are at any rate not modern ones. The luminous eagle in Dante's "Paradiso" declares, "Many cry, 'Christ', 'Christ', who at the judgment shall be far less near to him than such as know not Christ, and such Christians the Ethiope shall condemn." And Aquinas, in a famous passage, states that "If anyone, brought up in the forests, should follow the lead of natural reason by seeking good and fleeing evil, it must be held as most certain that God would either reveal to him what is necessary by internal inspiration, or would send him a preacher." Throughout the mediæval period the highly complex problems of grace and salvation were consistently treated in the light of an oft repeated axiom, "To him who does what he can, God does not refuse grace."

Nor is the theory of a state of natural happiness for unbaptized infants a modern compromise. In technical theological language "Hell" and "Damnation" could refer to a state of mere exclusion from the direct intuition of God. St. Thomas regards unbaptized children as "damned" in this sense, but says that they "Are joined to God by the sharing of natural goods, and are also able to enjoy Him by natural knowledge and natural love." So Father Martindale is not an innovator after all!

It is easier to make misrepresentations than to disprove them. It is also more entertaining. If Mr. Lunn's book is to be properly appraised, however, the extent of his airily malevolent incompetence needs to be realized.

Apparently it occurred to him that his talents could be divertingly displayed in a study of the five converts (including one tragic apostate), with a rhetorical question as a *leitmotif*—How could such distinguished men voluntarily embrace such a preposterous religion? It is necessary for his effect that the men should be represented neither as fools nor as knaves, as he says in his preface, and he analyzes their motives with a great deal of acumen and considerable fairness. Thus Manning is quite vigorously defended against Mr. Strachey's imputations, Chesterton is given a generous meed of praise, and only Father Knox is treated with well-nigh complete contempt. The preposterousness of Catholicism, however, is emphasized to such an extent and with such cavalier disregard of fact, that the reader who accepts the indictment seems likely to doubt either the sincerity or the sanity of the converts. Studies in moral obliquity or in pathology were not apparently what Mr. Lunn intended to write, and his effort consequently misses fire.

A new translation, accompanied by a learned study, of the "Confessions" of St. Augustine has recently been made by Professor Pierre de Labriolle, of the University of Poitiers, (Société d'Edition des Belles-Lettres). The author examines the question that has been raised as to the absolute sincerity of the "Confessions," and effectively states the case in favor of the great Bishop. Augustine had a high appreciation of the Platonic philosophy, which later he regretted. His "Dialogues"—and it is there his critics find material for their questioning—were written after the "Confessions," and they resume a philosophical tone seemingly incompatible with the ardent Christian conviction of the "Confessions." Professor Labriolle thinks that this period represented a sort of mental suspension after the crisis of emotion in the "Confessions," which is not at all inconsistent with the history of conversions. Professor Labriolle previously published an "Histoire de la Littérature Latine Chrétienne," which is the most complete and successful French work on that subject.

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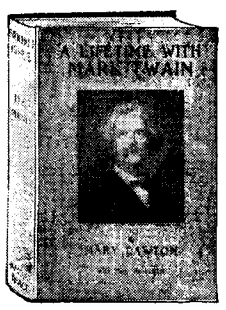

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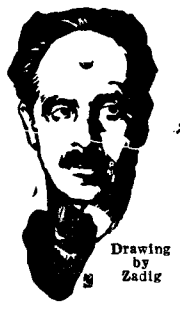

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Seeing The World

AROUND THE WORLD. By ROBERT FROTHINGHAM. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1925. $3.

THE "TEDDY" EXPEDITION. By KAI R. DAHL. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $3.

A TROPICAL TRAMP WITH THE TOURISTS. By HARRY L. FOSTER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1925. $3.

IN THE SUN WITH A PASSPORT. By W. R. H. TROWBRIDGE. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1925. $5.

A RED CARPET ON THE SAHARA. By EDNA BRUSH PERKINS. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 1925. $3.50.

THE MAP THAT IS HALF UNROLLED. By E. ALEXANDER POWELL. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $3.50.

FROM RED SEA TO BLUE NILE. By ROSITA FORBES. New York: The Macaulay Co. 1925. $3.50.

THROUGH KHIVA TO GOLDEN SAMARKAND. By ELLA R. CHRISTIE. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1925. $5.

TEMPLE BELLS AND SILVER SAILS. By ELIZABETH CRUMP ENDERS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $3.

YES, LADY SAHEB. By GRACE THOMPSON SETON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by DALE WARREN

RED JACKETS, blue jackets, purple jackets; orange and green jackets; yellow jackets; jackets with camels and Chinese temples; jackets with steamships and maps and African bushmen emerging from banana trees—the reviewer is fairly dazzled by the brilliant array before him! From Greenland's icy mountains we go in stolid comfort to India's coral strand, and conclude that it is a wise traveller who picks his guide carefully, even for a vicarious voyage.

Robert Frothingham gives us a bird's-eye picture of the world, and with Kai R. Dahl, the Danish adventurer, we drift nearly eight hundred miles on an ice floe down the Arctic Ocean. That delightful vagabond, Harry Foster, arrayed at last in silk shirt and flannels, rescues us and we have a taste of his good company on a *de luxe* cruise to South America. W. R. H. Trowbridge takes us along the African shore of the Mediterranean and with Edna Perkins we explore the solitary stretches of the Sahara. Colonel Powell lures us further south into the Belgian Congo and, continuing eastward, we ride on mule-back through Abyssinia with no less a person than Rosita Forbes. All the perfumes of Arabia do not deter us and we safely reach the heart of Turkestan with that fearless Englishwoman, Ella R. Christie. Elizabeth Crump Enders is in China and we cross the frontier to meet her in Shanghai. Then India, and we also respond in the affirmative when Grace Thompson Seton asks us to step into the jungle.

Considering the books objectively, we are somewhat disappointed in the first volume. It may be that Mr. Frothingham has too much ground to cover; it may be that he is over-sentimental and lets his training as an anthologist blur his travel vision. At any rate he does not make us feel that "somewhere over the rim of the world lies romance." We know that, travelling with him, we will see what he sees and no more, for he is the solid American citizen who has set out in cold blood to "go 'round the world." Yet he is a genial philosopher, and his compact guide-book will not be out of place in the luggage of others who do likewise.

There is real adventure in "The 'Teddy' Expedition"—icebergs, storms, shipwreck, half rations, "ship in sight," and all the rest. The schooner, "Teddy," sent to Greenland by the Danish East Greenland Company on an expedition to visit the fur depot at Denmark Harbor, was equipped inadequately to battle with the waters of the frozen north, the result being the loss of the ship in the Polar Sea and the transfer of crew and provisions to a floating mass of ice. The author accompanied the expedition as press correspondent.

Let Harry Foster describe his own sensations as the S.S. "Touromania" warped its way out of dock: "I was sailing—sailing, sailing, over the bounding main, a full-fledged tourist guide looking forward to sixty-five days of sheer, undiluted, unadulterated bliss, following in the footsteps of Columbus, Cortez, Pizarro, Balboa, and Magellan, every day an adventure, without trouble, worry, inconvenience, annoyance, or discomfort!" The "tropical tramp" had given up tramping for once and decided to see the world as others see it. We judge he succeeded, and the result fully justifies the means for his new book is as keen a satire on the American tourist as we have seen.

The two books on Northern Africa, although alike in conception and both written by women tourists, are dissimilar in many respects. One is longwinded where the other is brief; one is filled with classical allusions where the other is detached. One author talks at length with the most interesting of her fellow-travellers, while the other chats informally with her Bedouin guide. Have you guessed? W. R. H. Trowbridge is an Englishwoman, and Edna Brush Perkins is an American. Both books are excellent. We enjoyed Mrs. Trowbridge's mellow conversational pages no less than Mrs. Perkins's terse, epigrammatic observations, expressed with an unusual and refreshing economy of words. The next time we see a camel we shall recall the latter's "I wondered how God had thought of such a beast."

Those who have read Colonel Powell's "Beyond the Utmost Purple Rim" will welcome "The Map That Is Half Unrolled," the second of his contemplated trilogy of travel books on Africa. This is not a book written for the tourist, but an account of observations accumulated over a considerable period of time. For that reason it makes particularly good reading. Colonel Powell knows his Africa well and has just enough sociological interest in his make-up to give character and balance to his writing. His book is carefully planned, and the disinterested reader who affects a contempt for the Dark Continent will be carried in spite of himself from the first page to the last. One cannot say as much for Rosita Forbes's "From Red Sea to Blue Nile." The author explains: "This is not a book on Abyssinia. It is the record of three months on mule back." Yet such chapters as "Red Lalibela" and "Concerning Women" have no place it seems to us, in a travelogue. Mrs. Forbes would have done better to sort her material and make two volumes of the wealth of data she has at hand.

Miss Christie's account of Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarkand is interesting chiefly because this corner of Asia is so often forgotten. She has exhumed the old legends of Tamerlane and been more than fortunate in her attempt to recapture the glamor of the Arabian Nights. This volume, which would also stand some pruning, is, we regret to say, a conspicuously bad example of book-making, being difficult to read and unattractive in practically every feature. Elizabeth Crump Enders needs no introduction to readers who know her earlier sketches of China. "Temple Bells and Silver Sails" retains the simplicity of her other work, somewhat reinforced by a vivid account of a dangerous trip through the Gorges of the Upper Yangtze River. Mrs. Enders does not have to go in search of her scene, as her home for some years has been in China.

In "Yes, Lady Saheb," Grace Thompson Seton has accomplished what Mrs. Forbes failed to do. She has successfully fused travel impressions with historical and sociological fact. She also describes a journey, but in her case the supplementary information given on religious, political, and educational subjects is artistically woven into the whole. We find the same characteristic in Colonel Powell's book, but Mrs. Seton has gone far beyond the other authors in producing a book which is for all time. "Yes, Lady Saheb," in subject matter and physical presentation, is the prize of this collection. India comes alive in these pages and one feels the pulsating, throbbing, organic life of a land, age-old, yet still in its infancy. There is breadth in Mrs. Seton's vision and she brings together many of the diffused elements which have so long made India an enigma.

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Enchanters of Men By Ethel Colburn Mayne	$5.00
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The New Books

Books received by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

THE WORLD'S ART AND WHAT MAKES THEM GREAT. By *J. W. Ruckstuhl.* Putnams.
THE SUBSTANCE OF GOTHIC. By *Ralph Adams Cram.* Marshall Jones.
THE SMALL HOUSE PRIMER. By *Edwin Bonta.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.
SANSSOUCI POTSDAM. By *Wilhelm Bode.* Scribner's. $10.
OLD FRENCH FURNITURE AND ITS SURROUNDINGS. By *Elsa Maillard.* Scribner's. $7.50.
THE TECHNIQUE OF WATER COLOUR PAINTING. By *L. Richmond* and *J. Littlejohns.* Pitman. 5/

Belles Lettres

MEN, WOMEN AND COLLEGES. By LE BARON R. BRIGGS. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $1.50.

Women appear in the title of this little book apparently as a gallant gesture to atone for their not appearing elsewhere. But of men and especially colleges, these five addresses by President Briggs contain many a shrewd and illuminating remark. What could be better, for instance, than his characterization of mediocre teachers as "cooking-stoves through which the forces of nature are applied or misapplied for a time to the crude compounds, which emerge from their keeping baked, half-baked, or raw, as the case may be, for consumption by the world"? Or this, "We make German demands on a teacher's learning, without relieving him of American demands on his personal relation to the students. . . . The research attitude and the teaching attitude are in most men incompatible"? President Briggs deplores the present tendency to select business men as college presidents. He equally deplores the prevalent ideal of every college to become a university—witness the multitude of so-called state universities—and points out the resultant confusion between undergraduate and post-graduate methods. If he followed his argument to its logical conclusion he would be led to Thorstein Veblen's position that the college and the university should be entirely separated. It seems a pity that President Briggs did not see fit to lend the weight of his authority to some such radical solution. Instead, he comes back in the end to a rather pale optimism which solves nothing.

ACADEMY PAPERS. Addresses on Language Problems. By Members of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Scribner's. 1925. $3.

This volume consists of addresses delivered before the American Academy during the past eight years by Paul Elmer More, William Crary Brownell, Brander Matthews, Bliss Perry, and others. The purpose of bringing [illegible] addresses was [illegible] thousand dollars from [illegible] Wilbour Blashfield "to [illegible] American Academy of Arts and [illegible] effort to determine its duty [illegible] preservation of the [illegible] beauty and integ- [illegible] enrichment by such [illegible] of modern conditions." [illegible] are not absolutely in [illegible] seriousness of the [illegible] Mr. More holds [illegible] confined into Hel- [illegible] to be degenerating [illegible] "Englistic," [illegible] cadies that a [illegible] unless the [illegible] and of [illegible]. Never- [illegible] the volume [illegible] Professor [illegible] linguistic [illegible] tenth of [illegible] and pearls [illegible] youths are [illegible] condition. Pro- [illegible] for us to speak [illegible] ized contempt [illegible] Brownell demolishes [illegible] of slang offered by Max [illegible] and others, by showing that slang is usually far more conventional than correct usage; it is merely the convention of the lazy man instead of the convention of the scholar. Mr. Robert Underwood Johnson attempts, somewhat less successfully, to show that the free verse movement of the last few years has been meritorious to both prose and poetry. Professor Paul Shorey pleads for more [illegible] the whole, the group [illegible] the least

MERE MORTALS: MEDICO-HISTORICAL ESSAYS. By C. MACLAURIN. Doran. 1925. $2.50.

Here again is brisk acceptance, by the Sydney physician (author of the scabrous and successful "Post Mortem") of that awing invitation:

For heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

The new volume contains a score of discursive clinics, dealing largely with the maladies of English kings and queens of the Tudor and Stuart periods. The royal list is interlarded with a few mere literary worthies and philosophers. Their ills are discussed with a candor and freedom which is perhaps not without a parallel in our literature but which we find undisguisedly bold and refreshing. Dr. MacLaurin follows a line of morbid inquiry much affected by the French physicians Chéreau, Corlieu, Cabanès, who for half a century have been discussing the terminal illness of Francis I and the probable cause of death of Blaise Pascal. Far from being supernaturally solemn, as the French are in such discussions, MacLaurin carries on in a gay vein which at times verges on the unregenerately brutal. He stops at nothing. His overmastering impulse is to make haste through the blasted terrain which he and we must traverse. And so, under his lead, without delays for circumspection, we make a glad, mad rush from cover, unsupported, undismayed.

We grant that in this mood and temper is history made. Not so, however, with the "Ars et Mysterium" of historiography. Unhasting method, meticulous preparation are hers.

Lack of method and sound preparation militate against the validity of much that Dr. MacLaurin has to say. His cajoling manner of speech is so bland and genial that he can all but carry off most outrageous pieces of conceit and aggressive guesswork. Diagnoses based on the protocols of medical procedure are altogether wanting in this volume. They are not as interesting as sheer speculations, particularly if the latter are tinged with the Talmudism of modern psychoanalysis. Let us see, for example, in the case of Samuel Johnson, how our author attempts to surprise one of the most abstruse secrets of biography:

> To sum up, probably all Johnson's psychasthenic involuntary movements, which made him so strange a figure to his contemporaries, took their origin in unconscious memory of some affront to his childish masculinity, such as would be caused by taking him to Queen Anne to be "touched."

THE CHAP BOOK. Number 40. London: Cape.
SYNCOPATING SAXOPHONES. By *Alfred V. Frankenstein.* Chicago: Ballou.
COLERIDGE AT HIGHGATE. By *Lucy Eleanor Watson.* Longman's Green. $3.75.
ORVIETO DUST. By *Wilfrane Hubbard.* Minton, Balch. $2.50.
THE NOBEL PRIZE WINNERS IN LITERATURE. By *Annie Russell Marble.* Appleton. $2.
THE THREE OWLS. By *Anne Carroll Moore.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Biography

IN THE AMERICAN GRAIN. By *William Carlos Williams.* A. & C. Boni. $3.
THE BUILDERS OF AMERICA. By *Edwin Wildman.* Page.
IF LINCOLN WERE HERE. By *John Wesley Hill.* Putnam. $1.25.
THE LIFE STORY OF CHISON SWETT MARDEN. Crowell. $3 net.
ARIEL. By *Andre Maurois.* Appleton. $3.50.
FIRBANK (FRANCOIS) LUCE. Harpers. $1.50.
RICHARD WAGNER. By *William Wallace.* Harpers. $1.50.
ROBERT SCHUMANN. By *Herbert Bedford.* Harpers. $1.50.
THE LIFE OF SAMUEL W. ELDER. Yale University Press. $5.
CALVIN COOLIDGE. By *William Allen White.* Macmillan. $2.
THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. Edited by *Roger Wolcott.* Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.
A SENATOR'S COMMENTARIES. By *James William Gardner.* Longmans, Green. 2 vols. $12.
MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN MYTTON. By *"Nimrod."* Longmans, Green. $7.50.
DIARY AND LETTERS OF JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Edited by *Christina Hopkinson Baker.* Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

Drama

THE JUDGE. A Play by MAXIM GORKI. Translated by MARIE ZAKREVSKY and BARRETT H. CLARK. McBride. 1925. $1.50.

Maxim Gorki in the preface to his latest play, "The Judge," says that a play to be a work of art must be devoid of

(Continued on next page)

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GOOD BOOKS

The New Books

Drama

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the personal bias of the dramatist; that is that each character should be motivated by his own individual nature and surroundings, and not moulded so as to coincide with the particular point the dramatist is striving to make. He adds, however, that he is sure he could never write such a play.

This confession explains the greatest weakness of the present play. Each of the characters is interesting enough as a character to study up until the appearance of the Old Man. Once, however, he has come upon the scene they lose all their individuality and become nothing more than puppets to help bring out his character more completely. This is just the opposite to the way Gorki treated "The Lower Depths," where neither emphasis nor plot was allowed to interfere with the character development of the people he had put into his play.

This does not mean that "The Judge" is not well worth reading. There are many things of interest in it. The old nurse, Zakharovna, and The Young Girl with the animal, expressionless face are worth meeting, as well as the bricklayer Nikita, who is always pondering the strangeness of the world and the ways of God.

The plot itself is the familiar one of retribution. Mastakoff, an escaped convict, who has succeeded in hiding his past and making himself an important member of his community, is confronted by the man who had shared his imprisonment with him, but who rather than escape, had served out his entire sentence. This man believes that because he has suffered, he has the right to torment others, and consequently is determined that Mastakoff shall go back to Siberia. Rather than do this, Mastakoff comits suicide.

The play is too morbid and subjective to be successful upon the stage unless it be played by the Moscow Art Theatre, or some equally proficient organization which could place the emphasis upon the individual characters rather than upon the plot.

The philosophy behind the play can best be expressed by the following quotation:

> Everyone judges life according to his own sorrows; and everyone is deaf to the sorrows of others. We all of us suffer injuries and live our lives trying to take revenge on others for what we have suffered.

THE LIVING DRAMA. By NELLIE B. MILLER. Century. 1925. $2.50.

THE SORCERESS. By VICTORIEN SARDOU. Boston: 1925. Four Seas. $1.50.

PLAYS FOR PAGANS. By COLIN C. CAMPBELL. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

GAS. By GEORGE KAISER. Small, Maynard. 1925. $1.75.

The recent essays of Alexander Harvey (reprinted in the Blue Book Library) are a testimonial of the vitality of Greek tragedy. One hears, indeed, the word "revival" toward season-ends on Broadway; yet the term should strictly be applied only to that which is moribund—the recent plays of the 1840's, for example, brought out for our superior audiences to laugh at; a good play needs no revival, however greatly we may enjoy a representation. Such a regathering of the living drama Mrs. Miller attempts, in her "Drama of the Drama," a Cook's tour—she tells us—through the ages. Ingeniously arranged: to the Nineteenth Century in the divisions of a Greek ode, and after that as a five-act play; Act One "The Curtain Rises in the Far North"; Act Two "In Which France and Germany Play a Part"; Act Three "Rather a Long Act (England and Ireland) in Which We May Expect a Climax"; Act Four "With a Southern Setting"; Act Five "A Short One With an Indeterminate Ending" (in America). The volume is a thorough handbook, with well-chosen passages from the plays and from critics, and with study outlines that make the book of value to any group of students. Without neglecting the vital drama of old, Mrs. Miller emphasizes the plays and tendencies of today; she is somewhat confused in her approach to expressionism, but in general is a bustling and efficient guide.

On the road to the drama of today lies the land called Sardoodledum, in which "The Sorceress" dwells. Although first presented but twenty-one years ago, this play is already older than Æschylus, being dated and outmoded by virtue of its too obviously flawless construction, by the smoothing away of all that may impede the progress of the plot, by the artificial interlocking of every element, even to the lips of the sorceress and those of the hero, into whose mouth she presses the poison that brings the end, as before the delirous mob they die together.

Almost as surely dated, though more recently written, are the plays presented "for pagans," though the moods are as many as the pieces, and "Yesterday," indeed, bears the subtitle: "A Little Comedy for Victorians." Mr. Clements is skilful, with, as in "Harlequin," an occasional touch of poetry; perhaps it is the poetic element he labels pagan. But—as no true pagan does—Mr. Clements grows too often sentimental; as in his Cop who sits on a park bench to read Omar Khayyam; as in the whole diluted-Charles-Rann-Kennedy religious symbolism of "Four Who Were Blind." There is more power, but also more confusion, in "The Haiduc," a Carpathian melodrama of murder and mysticism and love that defies time and reason, yet holds the reader tense.

And George Kaiser's "Gas," the most modern of the plays in spirit, is inevitably dated by the manner of a school, by the technique of expressionism. The play is a tragedy of the modern spirit, in which the Billionaire's Son, somehow exempt from the general contagion, strives vainly to save the world from the consequences of its greed. Despite the certainty of another cataclysmic explosion, workers, owners, governors, all insist on rebuilding the power plant that supplies the world with the new, tremendous gas. Crowds of workers surge as a background for the Engineer, the Clerk, and the few representatives who speak for the mass which is the real protagonist. The moving crowds of Toller's "Masse-Mensch" are not achieved, nor the sense of tragedy that is at once personal and universal in Kaiser's own "From Morn to Midnight." There is a great suspicion that rhetoric has been substituted for dramatic intensity. "Expressionism" too often merely isolates an element that has always existed as one aspect of drama (Hamlet's soliloquy is in the vein) and seeks to erect an entire play upon the single pillar. The result may be interesting, but it is usually—and surely in this case—insecure.

Education

THE PROBLEM CHILD IN SCHOOL. By MARY B. SAYLES. New York Joint Committee on Methods of Preventing Delinquency. 1925. $1.

The subtitle further describes this book as narratives from case records of visiting teachers, with a description of the purpose and scope of visiting teacher work by Howard W. Nudd (chairman of the National Committee on Visiting Teachers).

The visiting teacher,—a specialized form of psychiatric social worker who is familiar with educational systems and processes, has appeared in the field because it has been recognized that "the school is obviously in a strategic position to get at the vital and active causes of the child's behavior wherever they may be manifested and, by soliciting and utilizing every agency that may help, to reinforce conditions that are wholesome and work for the removal of those that may lead to disaster." Children who are problems in the school room are reported to the visiting teacher for more complete study and treatment than a busy classroom teacher can make. The visiting teacher is another spoke in the wheel of mental hygiene activities.

A number of case histories of children whose problems centered about "parental attitudes, feelings of inferiority, questions of honesty, diverse issues and sex" form the body of the book. General principles involved in the treatment of each child are included with each history.

One leaves the book feeling that the work of the visiting teacher might will be done by anyone with a little vision, really interested in a given child's welfare, but that it is well in so complicated a society as ours to have a professional worker on guard, lest any child lack such a sympathetic advisor, while there is yet time. The development of "a conscious and transmittable technique, which utilizes the processes unconciously employed in some degree by every successful teacher and parent," for those less gifted is no mean part of the visiting teacher's work.

This book should not only be of interest to teachers, but should make clear what sort of children should be reported for special help while their problems are still in the incipient stages.

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THE PRE-SCHOOL AGE: A MOTHER'S GUIDE TO A CHILD'S OCCUPATION. By MINNIE WATSON KAMM. Little, Brown. 1925.

Mrs. Kamm's sub-title indicates, far better than does her title, the content of her book. The chief value of the book lies in the suggestions made with respect to toys and occupations for children during the pre-school period. These are varied and sound for children whose ability is average or above.

The author's discussion loses succinctness because it wavers between science and sentiment. Her argument is apt to be based upon the particular rather than the general. Three subjects claim her interest; the psychology of the pre-school child, proper occupation for children of different ages during the pre-school period, and the history of certain toys. It is obviously impossible to treat adequately of all three in a book of some two hundred pages.

SCHOOL AND HOME. By ANGELO PATRI. Appleton. 1925.

Angelo Patri has again held up his mirror! In it the various types of parents who pass through the principals' offices of every school in the country may clearly see themselves, as they are seen by a wise and sympathetic educator.

The author sketches an ideal school system and deals in a graphic and suggestive manner with such school and home problems as the gifted child, the child who fails, badly adjusted school programs, ill-directed home discipline, the spoiled child, fear, and the difficult first day at school. The simplicity of the discussion will make the book available to many parents in need of suggestion who are not ready to follow a more technical treatment of the same problems.

[illegible]. By *Grenville Kleiser*. [illegible] & Wagnalls.

PARENTS' GUIDE TO CHILDREN'S READING. By *[illegible]*. Funk & Wagnalls.

Fiction

[illegible] THE LONG BOW. By G. [illegible]. Dodd, Mead. 1925.

The original reason for Colonel Crane's wearing a cabbage instead of his silk hat during the whole week was the setting on fire of the Thames by Robin Hood. A very sensible reason would have been the utilitarian one of protecting himself against the small pigs which kept falling out of heaven, or even to ward off the white elephant at the church bazaar. Of course no complete reason could be given without taking a careful survey of the "Don't Nationalize, Rationalize" Party, with its clever arrangement for paying a man for leaving his castle and then double again for living in it. If this doesn't seem to get to the root of the matter, there is always the alternative of reading "Tales of the Long Bow" wherein all is explained. And a very pleasant alternative it is for any one with a taste for tall stories on a winter's night.

STEEL DECKS. By JAMES B. CONNOLLY. Scribner's. 1925.

Simple honest characters, honest in their strict attention to duty, such are the figures that Mr. Connolly brings to the steel deck of the oil tanker *Rapidan*. The first scene is in the office of the Maritime Transportation Company. Here chief clerk Finner acts the low down villain with thorough fidelity. He and the despicable Captain Megling even go so far as to suggest the cutting down of the cargo carried by a half million barrels of oil, they to lift the freight for themselves. A thoroughgoing set of rascals. This might make curious reading in the office of a regular tank steamer concern.

The new superintendent, Werner, goes to sea on the *Rapidan*, taking along May Cady his secretary and his daughter Hilda. The reader suspects romance will ensue. Chief Mate Gillig and Pumpman Kieran play opposite to the ladies.

The fight is a longwinded affair between the huge brutal boson, known as "Bruising Ben" and the pumpman, Kieran. Ben is seventy pounds heavier than Kieran. The vile master has ordered Bruising Ben to whip the pumpman, in fact to do nothing short of killing him. Kieran gets Ben mad by his smart talking during the fight. In the very midst of the slaughter he delivers himself of speeches of a hundred odd words each strangely calm for one engaged in earnest combat. Kieran flattens the boson after seventeen pages of description.

The storm, the reef, and the final exposure of the crooks when Superintendent Werner unmasks and we know him for what he is, provide the ingredients of a tale of the sea as unreal as any story we have ever read.

Now for a word of comment in all fairness to the author. It is smoothly written, keeps you interested, and in the end right triumphs over wrong. But Connolly of the fishermen, of the sloping wooden decks and humming gear and drawing sail should keep his fiction out of those nests of iniquity, shipping company offices.

MAD MARRIAGE. By GEORGE GIBBS. Appleton. 1925. $2.

Mr. George Gibbs in "Mad Marriage" writes of an artist, Peter Randle, who lives a secluded life in Delaware, painting pictures that fail to embody the ideals occupying his mind. Peter takes under his protection a cast-off woman who is about to have a child, and goes to New York to find the father. Salazar, a worthless young man, is the father. He hopes to marry a pleasure-worn heiress by the name of Maisie Keith, but Peter exposes him and wins the respect of Miss Keith. Then out of pity Peter marries Salazar's victim, and the rest of the story is concerned with the untying of this unfortunate knot. Maisie attempts to do so with money, but the release is finally effected through the death of Peter's wife, which comes after a fire from which Peter rescues her. Meanwhile Peter has grown into a real artist, and both he and Maisie have been awakened as lovers. This plot is developed with the inevitable precision of a West Point drill exercise.

THE PROUD OLD NAME. By C. E. SCOGGINS. Bobbs-Merrill. 1925. $1.

We can find nothing remarkable in Mr. Scoggin's tabloid novel, or overgrown short story, except the fact that it is published in book form. The slight volume sports a decorative jacket, which bears extensive quotations from the contents, intended to sharpen one's hunger for the feast to come, and nonsensical encomiums by a brace of blurbosophers. At the end of an hour and a half, when we had finished the yarn (it is but 138 small pages), we were unaware of having read anything startling, or thrilling, or original, or dramatic, or humorous, or pathetic. Now, as stories of but 20 to 25,000 words should possess one or more of these solid qualities to win the dignity of occupying a book alone, we are moved to regard the get-up of this product as incomprehensible.

Its weak merits are clear enough to

(*Continued on next page*)

The Chicken-Wagon Family

Barry Benefield

New York, his beloved New York, is the scene of Mr. Benefield's story of tender whimsy with a catch in its voice. It is as sophisticated as a Broadway night club, as simple and sincere as The Little Church Around the Corner. It is fast capturing the heart of the country.

What We Say

HERE is a novel of everyday New York—its kindliness, its gaiety, its infinite adventurousness. Reviewers and readers are comparing the author to O. Henry, De Morgan, Locke, Dickens and Sir James Barrie. They say his plot is a refreshingly new delight and his style something exquisitely fine, simple and touching. New readers must be prepared to fall desperately in love with adorable Addie Fippany, a level-eyed French girl from the Louisiana pine country, to be lenient with her swashbuckling little father out on forbidden larks, to smile and chuckle, and perhaps to yield to that generous pity which is the mother of tears. And they will be friends for life of Jim Pickett, "the gentlest newspaper man that ever was."

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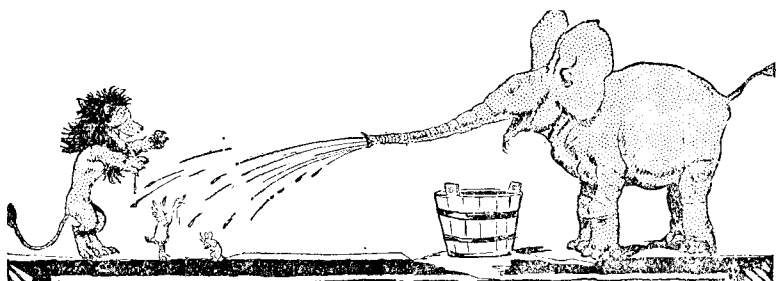

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

warrant the tale's appearance in one of the better magazines, whose pages we presume it graced in an earlier incarnation, but all dressed up like this and one "buck"! For that sum you may read of Young America's naïve adventures in love and discord with the mellow blue blood of Mexico, as told by an elderly pseudo-quaint Yankee. Although the tale is said to be irresistably comic, and we laugh without much provocation, its mirth for us was non-existent.

THE CHARWOMAN'S DAUGHTER. By JAMES STEPHENS. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

This reissue of a charming book, originally published here as "Mary, Mary" is welcome for it accords with James Stephens's growing reputation. This story of a dreaming mother, an imaginative child, and a hard, and eventually, broken-hearted policeman is not of Mr. Stephens's most virile work, but is certainly one of his best efforts in humorous sentiment. Few (it is probable) read it when it was published here before; many now may and will.

DANCERS IN THE WIND. By ALLAN UPDEGRAFF. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Half in revolt, presumably, against the dullness of modern realism, Mr. Updegraff has written this essentially realistic story like romance. He limits its realism to human nature, and gives it an idyllic setting and a romantic delineation. His hero, Kirk Warren, after three unsuccessful ventures into matrimony, thinks he has found the way to peace and happiness by becoming a hermit. But his hermitage loses its savor once Norma Collier invades it, and the hermit finds himself up against a problem that taxes his emotions and his philosophy throughout the rest of the book.

The plot of the story is not responsible for its length. Even during his love affair Warren spends most of his time philosophizing about life. He is a gentle cynic, an amoristic philosopher who never tires of spouting, even when he is alone. As he confesses, he is a windbag. Much that he says is entertaining and shrewd, but he says too much. Norma is very fresh and charming, and distinctly real. Mr. Updegraff knows how to create character and to portray the subtleties in the relationship between two lovers. But in emphasizing to an unbridled degree a vein of light philosophizing instead of plot, he goes a long way toward spoiling the interest of the book. He has aimed at a feat of unusual difficulty. That he has carried it through with competence means nothing; it can succeed only with charm. His achievement merits temperate praise; to be really successful it should evoke enthusiasm.

BRED IN THE BONE and Other Stories. By ELSIE SINGMASTER. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.

In treating of the Pennsylvania Dutch Miss Singmaster reveals a first-hand knowledge of her subject. There is nothing about these short-stories of the outsider looking in; in speech, in manner, in outlook upon life, her quaint Ammonites stand revealed without exaggeration or over-emphasis. And the closer she sticks to the orderly sphere of their lives, the more convincing her portrayal seems to the reader. When, in five of the ten stories, she sets before us two old maids named Shindledecker, though she never misses the humor or oddness of their ways, Miss Singmaster is giving us admirable realism. Their ways are not ours, but the old maids do not seem like caricatures. The same thing is true of others in the book—of all in the community of Lanesville whose lives are lived in routine and expressed by homely acts and, as it were, hereditary purposes. When, however, melodrama invades the life of one of these folk, and imagination gets the upper hand of another, they seem less real. If a reason must be given, perhaps it arises from an artistic lack of harmony between such quiet people and such striking bases for plot, rather than from any actual sense of improbability. When certain people become involved in certain situations, one sometimes finds it hard to believe it of them, without knowing precisely why.

ESPESHILLY LEM. By *Crispin Childe*. McDevitt-Wilson.

THE SWEDES AND THEIR CHIEFTAINS. By *Verner Von Heidenstam*. American-Scandinavian Foundation.

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By *Fred Jacob*. Macmillan.

TWENTY-NINE LOVE STORIES. By *Twenty-Nine Authors*. Edited by *Ernest Rhys* and *C. A. Dawson-Scott*. Appleton. $2.50.

Foreign

LE RAVITAILLEMENT DE LA BELGIQUE PENDANT L'OCCUPATION ALLEMANDE. By ALBERT HENRY. Les Presses Universitaires de France. Publications de la Donation Carnegie pour la Paix Internationale. 1925.

Albert Henry's report on the revictualling of Belgium during German occupation is only one of several hundred monographs in preparation. Professor Shotwell's preface explains its *raison d'être*. The Carnegie Foundation for International Peace proposes to write an economic and social history of the World War. In view of the immensity of the task, the committee of which Professor Shotwell is the head has decided to divide the work for the present into several national groups of subjects and publish monographs on them. Only after these preliminary researchs have been completed will the history be written. Of this Cyclopean labor "Le Ravitaillement" is only a facet and its importance for the present is not easy to gauge. More significant for the present is the preludial statement of the nature of the work and of the impedimenta of most governments' unwillingness to permit the perusal of secret documents. The last item is undoubtedly the crucial one; if the historians of the war are refused access to all the documents there are, their history will hardly be considered final by inquiring and candid minds.

Juvenile

MEADOWLARK BASIN. By B. M. BOWER. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.

A book made up of a series of sensational incidents, told very coarsely. The *locale* is Montana, the period presumably somewhat remote, since the "cowboys" are of the sort existing nowadays only in the "movies." They indulge in drinking bouts, swear on every page of the book, kill and slay in the traditional old fashion, and on the whole, constitute a more than doubtful society to introduce to young readers. Even exciting, light stories may be written in such a way that they leave a pleasant impression; but in this story we have a constant feeling of the artificiality of the scenes and the characters who rush through it at a wild pace. There are no touches of beauty or grace; nothing pure and fine. The book is poor as much through what it lacks as because of the sorry adventures of a set of persons wholly devoid of principle or attraction. But the strongest objection to it is the language of the characters; entirely colloquial—a dialect which resembles nothing on land or sea. Young people should not be led to suppose that bravery consists in ribaldry; and adventures necessarily accompanied by riots of profanity. Perhaps "the tired business man" may read this book with impunity. But his sons could not.

Miscellaneous

HUNTING WITH BOW AND ARROW. By SAXTON POPE. Putnam's. 1925. $2.50.

Here is a good job well done; effectively written in a clean-cut outdoor fashion, interesting in its several aspects, and very decently motivated. It has its thrills.

Though it is a polite custom to deplore or deny it, there exists in most men a sharply definite hunting instinct. Those who have hunted with a rifle know that the thrill of the hunt reaches its climax at the instant when the animal is come upon unaware and presents a vital spot as a target. What follows, if the shot be a good one, is satisfaction at best—not thrill. The stalking is a triumph of brain and muscle, and satisfies a powerful instinct. The kill is a triumph of the machine shop.

The archer's problem is more difficult. He must approach his game more closely, for his range is shorter. This intensifies the thrill of stalking. When he is within range, his utmost skill is required to send the shaft true. Here is a thrill denied to old riflemen. The archer will slaughter less game, but he will have a better time.

Most men have forgotten that there is greater joy in making and doing than in

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having that it [illegible] the [illegible] gate bag we remember, out to [illegible] filling it. To those who have [illegible] the search for efficiency, Dr. [illegible] gives food for thought.

AN INTRODUCTION TO STATISTICAL ANALYSIS. By [illegible] Chambers, New York: F. S. [illegible] & Co. 1925. $3.

The increased application of quantitative methods in the solution of social and economic problems has been probably the most significant development in the social sciences during the last two decades. In education, economics, psychology, sociology, biology and public health scientists have sought, through the use of statistical methods, to secure something analogous to the precision of measurement and accuracy of statement which in the past have been the peculiar properties of the physical sciences. This wide interest is reflected in the number of treatises on statistics which have appeared within the last several years. The present work constitutes a useful addition to this list. Professor Chamber's approach to the subject is essentially that of the mathematician, hence the emphasis throughout tends to be on mathematical technique. The book covers in fairly brief compass all the basic concepts and the elementary methods of statistics. The illustrative examples presented are drawn primarily from the field of education. While the author addresses himself particularly to those who are interested in anthropometrical, mental, and biological measurements, the work may be commended to all who desire a clear, logical exposition of the elements of statistical procedure.

COAL. By Edward T. Devine. American Review Service Press. 1925.

A by-product of "the confusion that is coal" is a stream of books about "an industry in disorder." Perhaps a bad industry is justified if good books are written about it. But if books are really more important than fuel and power, and if all books about coal are good, people like to read about other things and have time for only the best ones.

Among recent writers about coal Mr. Devine has a double claim to attention. He was a member of the recent Coal Commission which attempted to get at the problem of the industry by "fact-finding." His aim is to present alike the findings of the Commission and his own conclusions about the way towards order.

In domesticating the unruly reports of the Commission he has succeeded admirably. He presents the gist of four large and forbidding volumes in a little over four hundred readable pages. He gives a perspective of the industry which only the undaunted reader can dig out of the official documents. His range of topics includes the digging, the transportation, and the marketing of coal; his attention is given to owners, to operators, to miners, to every party and every functionary to coal-mining; his treatment comprehends both the bituminous and the anthracite industries. His facts are comprehensive and accurate; his diagrams and charts strangely enough, liven and lighten his description; and the multitude of interesting details never obscures the general picture. Imagination and apt phrasing make of "Coal" a readable book.

His work, like that of the Coal Commission, is descriptive rather than analytical. It is a vivid presentation in cross-section of current reality rather than a studied diagnosis of the present plight of the industry. It gives little attention to the larger tendencies, such as the decline of the union, the shift in production centres, and "the onward sweep of the machine process," which are alike remoulding the bituminous coal industry and making its future insecure.

The discussion of the way from chaos runs into a greatly controverted issue. In successive chapters Mr. Devine tells what can be done by "owners," "operators," "miners," "dealers," "railroads," "the Interstate Commerce Commission," "Pennsylvania," "the President and Congress," and by "You and I." He believes that *through some* such agency as the Interstate Commerce Commission the federal government can supervise; that miners can "learn, organize, and coöperate"; and that in general some additional authority, greater intelligence, shrewder action, larger social vision by all the parties will eventually make the industry a better conducted one. This, of course, is not enough for those students of coal who find

[illegible] heart of the problem [illegible] expect evangelist [illegible] must prescribe [illegible] rule.

[illegible] IMMIGRATION. By Annie [illegible] Lippincott. 1925. [illegible] Co. $2.

[illegible] average American citizen the [illegible] the Immigration Law of [illegible] seemed to indicate the [illegible] of the end of immigration as [illegible] pressing public problem. From [illegible] to the view of the United States [illegible] probably correct. While it is true that there are many imperfections in the new [illegible] and while immigration from the non-quota countries still presents many problems that will have to be dealt with vigorously in the near future, yet on the whole the effect of the first year of operation of the law has been to reduce the menace of immigration to a fraction of its former size, and it is wholly improbable that immigration will ever again occupy a predominant position on the political horizon of this country.

But if a broader outlook is assumed, it appears that the very act which minimized the problem in the United States has served to intensify the problem in other countries. The raising of the bars here has simply had the effect of shutting off the greatest of all outlets for the world's surplus population. It has not reduced that surplus in the least, nor has it diminished the urgent need to dispose of that surplus. Consequently, for the other great immigrant receiving countries the potential flood has been magnified several fold. Both for the countries of origin and the countries of destination, therefore, the new American law is of immeasurable importance.

Accordingly, a study of the general aspects of the present immigration situation, as they present themselves in all immigrant receiving countries is most timely and valuable. Doctor MacLean has furnished such a study in compact and convenient form. Her book is divided into two sections. The first summarizes the immigration situation in each of the countries in question—the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand, South Africa, Brazil, and Argentina—including a brief digest of the respective immigration laws, and closes with a general survey of the whole problem and a glance into the future. As this entire section covers only 226 pages the treatment of each country is necessarily very brief. But it is well balanced, accurate, and marked by good judgment and sound sociological principles. The second section consists of a compilation of the immigration and naturalization laws of the United States in full. The volume will thus be very useful as a reference book for students of migration problems.

Among the immigrant receiving countries in general, led as they are by the United States, the author discerns a well-marked tendency to abandon any sentimental motive in immigration legislation, and to regard national stability and prosperity as the one objective to be kept constantly in view. No type of immigration is likely to be long tolerated in the future that threatens the national standard of living of the receiving country. Racial factors are also receiving an unprecedented consideration. By serving itself in these respects the nation can best serve the world.

Poetry

SLOW SMOKE. By Lew Sarett. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1925. $2.

Only three American poets of this generation seem to us to write convincingly of the wild out-of-doors. They are Robert Frost, John Hall Wheelock, and Lew Sarett. Of the three, Mr. Sarett is best equipped with rugged experience, for he has traversed the valleys of the great West and climbed her shaggy mountains. He knows mighty forests. He has *looked long into pools* "like clear green wine" held "in a bowl of quartz as pink as salmon-eggs." He can "read the loam" on the trail of a crippled elk. He is exquisitely familiar with "deep wet moss and cool blue shadows beneath a bending fir."

His stories of the Indians are poignant and have been written with vivid sympathy. He can see in their life, as few white men could, lights that are beautifully universal shining through a thwarted and sometimes decadent humanity. No barrier of race or creed prevents him from understanding the tragedy of the old hag's love for her daughter "with eyes as cold

(*Continued on next page*)

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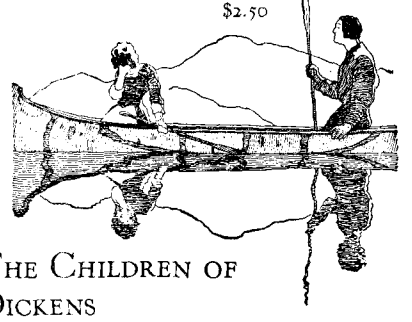

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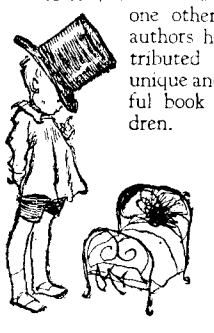

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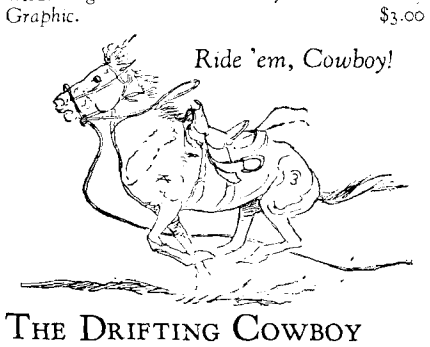

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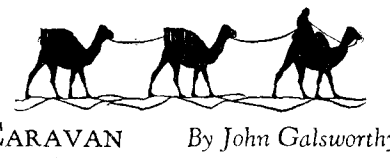

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B&L GOOD BOOKS

The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and stony as a pike's." "Tamarack Blue" is an unforgettable tale eloquently told.

But even better than the stories of Indian life we like the lyrics, especially those that have to do with animals. Mr. Sarett has put something of the tenderness of St. Francis into the poem that describes the baby foxes:

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.
Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm—
Go lightly.

The sense of the oneness of all life which all true nature-mystics share is evident in "To A Wild Goose Over Decoys," in "Feud," in every poem about birds and beasts. And only a man who knows the deer could say:

Bending an arch above the alder-crown,
In a stream of whistling wind the great buck went.

Mr. Sarett's sense of communion with God seems to be as real as his sympathy for animals. His God is the fundamental reality behind and in all the phenomena of light and wind and water,—nebulous, perhaps, but imminent; vague, but persistent. His is truly a book in which we may find the love of our simpler kindred, the animals, the love of the great human family, and the love of God.

OXFORD POETRY: 1925. Edited by Patrick Monkhouse and Charles Plumb. Oxford: Basil Blackwell. 1925.

Mr. Acton again, in this annual anthology of undergraduate verse, carries off the honors, whatever they may be, of the occasion. His "Prodigal Son," rich in unusual epithet and sparkling with unexpected phrases, sets a pace too vigorous for most of the other contributors; even the more serious and perhaps less successful "Hilarity" is far above the average of contemporary poems; it has its moments of clear-minded vision. Among the inclusions, Mr. Plumb's somewhat precious "Brasenose Old Quad" and Mr. Schroeder's "My Love and I Sat Kissing by a Bank" are most worthy of notice. The editors in the tortured prose of their preface state that they have tried to select only "such as seemed, of its kind, worthy." It is difficult to judge how well they have done this, since we have no knowledge of the materials from which their choice had to be made; if, however, we take them at their word, one fact is obvious: the scope of poetry at Oxford is indeed limited.

Impressions

By a By-stander

(*The Wanamaker Book Week was this year conducted under the auspices of the Saturday Review of Literature*)

WANAMAKER'S fifth annual book week—November 16th to 21st—was celebrated in a manner befitting the spirit and methods of its illustrious founder. Monday was the kick-off at which Mr. Canby presided with great dignity and efficiency as chairman. Stephen Vincent Benét was the leader of the programme and read from his new book's group of sonnets entitled "The Golden Corpse." Mr. Benét, who dedicated the sonnets to a personal friend, remarked that he had had five letters asking when and where the friend died! He was succeeded by Alexander Black, the novelist, made to speak an extra fifteen minutes because his successor hadn't arrived, and falling nobly into the breach. The famous Johnson brothers, James Weldon, editor of "The Book of American Negro Spirituals," and J. Rosamond, then took the floor and vied with each other for half an hour in singing spirituals of much melody and hauntingness. Real, true h'ants you know. The J. D. Lippincott Co. presented "Anatole France and His Secretary" a gay and amusing little skit advertising the book. Books were a drug on the market with old Anatole since he made his secretary fill up a bathtub with them.

And the evening and the morning were the first day.

Tuesday was marked for disaster since Carl Van Doren, the chairman, developed tonsilitis and fell by the wayside. Uneasy lies the programme that has no chairman. Gertrude Nelson Andrews was quite the star of the afternoon. Her little book, "Looking Toward Youth" is a cheerful chirp. Du Bose Hayward spoke well on the poetry of the South. The only "Yoy" interlude was a lecture brief and to the point on the Cherry Lane Theatre and its prospects, by Jean Owen, and charming songs from the operetta, "Polly" by Elizabeth Pierce in old English costume, looking like a jolly little hollyhock.

And the evening and the morning were the second day.

Wednesday was tophole and full of pep. Christopher Morley conducted the proceedings with great éclat saying that he felt the eye of John Wanamaker was upon him. He started somethin' every five minutes, beginning with his colleague of the Three Hour for Lunch Club, William Rose Benét, who read (and read beautifully) a long poem on Harlem, realistic yet clothed in a dreamy haze. He was succeeded by Arthur Baer, the humorist, who is a good fellow though he does, somewhat over-consciously, wind up his own wheels. Kathleen Norris, in spite of a heavy cold, told one excellent and very funny story. "Mrs. Norris is," said Christopher Morley impressively, "the only one of us New York authors who doesn't have to worry as to where her next month's rent is coming from." Thyra Samter Winslow, a writer of short stories and a to-be-remembered personality concluded Wednesday. And the evening and the morning were the third day.

Thursday, determined to follow the glowing example of Wednesday, selected as its chairman, May Lamberton Becker, who made a most engaging committee of one. As she took the chair, she said she had asked: "What must one do as a chairman?" "Be like the one of yesterday," they answered, "he bounded around like a great boy. Kid them along." "As if," said Mrs. Becker sorrowfully, "I could do that." But she had a starry day natheless. Hermann Hagedorn, the biographer of Theodore Roosevelt, drew such a pleasant and intimate picture of the Colonel that he must have exceeded the time limit of at least two people. Lowell Thomas, the next speaker, who has been a traveller in Arabia, created a unique and beauteous sensation by giving upon the screen, pictures of a little city carved out of ruby rock and discovered suddenly at the end of a blind pass.

After him walked John Macy who advised people on his oath never to keep up with the world's best literature, and Madame Sugimoto, the wee Japanese author, who was, as her name implies, a sugar plum with a voice like a flute. Robert Haven Schauffler gave appropriate doses from his last medicinal anthology which contains a remedy for every occasion except some "sweet oblivious antidote" for the voices of the rising generation in the garden beneath his windows. Go to it, Robby, and find one! Thursday closed with the dance—the tenderly mournful jig—of the Russian String Quartette still lingering in our ears. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.

Friday the Poets were featured, and chaperoned by John Farrar wearing the laurel. John arriving late rattled himself, forgot everything he wanted to say and plunged at once into introducing the speakers, beginning with Elinor Wylie: "You all know Mrs. Wylie's work of course," said John, "her novels, her books of poetry. It is unnecessary for me to speak further. . ." Just then the curtains parted and a child's head with a shock of blonde hair was thrust forth. "It's not Mrs. Wylie at all," shrieked John utterly diswrought, "it's the famous Nathalia Crane." The audience collapsed temporarily. But more was to come. Miss Crane took her place on the rostrum with much dignity and began to read "The Blind Girl," one of the most striking of her poems. Her little voice's uncertain treble ran like a tiny mouse up and down the scale. She is a clever infant and no human being could possibly doubt the authenticity of her work after this outburst.

Elinor Wylie who followed read with much charm several poems. "Isn't she fascinating?" said one of the book clerks delightedly. Madeline Mason-Manheim's "Hill Fragments" are lovely though a bit whitish and still. Let her discover another hill with inconsequential satyrs romping on it. John V. A. Weaver was a conscious delight and great fun. So was Dr. Sigmund Spaeth who introduced the Ritz Quartette, winners of the Close Harmony Contest. Clement Wood on his best behaviour, had graciously left all papers at home and offered instead to play his audience three negro spirituals. At the conclusion of the three pieces, John Farrar remarked magnanimously, "How he has improved since last year." The last author who came in very shyly and quietly was Joseph Auslander, whose work is always worth hearing.

Friday was the fifth day of the Book Week and maintained the high level of the show. We keened when it was over. Of the author's books exhibited to an uneager audience in the rear of the auditorium, only one, yes one, sold—was bought with money out of the pocket of a Wanamaker Audiencer and that was Nathalia Crane's "Janitor's Boy." Many longing looks had been cast toward Gertrude Nelson Andrew's book on Freedom, but apparently no one willed to be Free. Clutching bags, bundles, wraps, out they streamed, the usual responsive, happy-go-lucky Wanamaker crowd filled to the brim with Culture. No doubt from his place in a rubicond Paradise, the great Founder of the store, heard them that night say to one another: "Oh, *how* I've been edified this day!"

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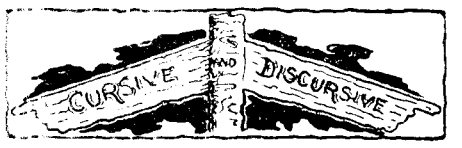

We Cease Being Living

WE HAVEN'T yet managed to change our title to "Cursing and Discursive" as we promised last week! Nevertheless the mere thought of doing so has somewhat refreshed us. Our principal interest during the past few days has been in a monumental work brought out in Paris, a book almost as big as Joyce's "Ulysses." This is Gertrude Stein's "The Making of Americans: Being a History of a Family's Progress." It was written in 1906-1908. We defy anyone to read it completely through. For one thing the type is small, the paper so thin that the type on the back darkens the page you are reading; for another thing there are 925 pages of (more or less) this kind of thing:

Certainly everyone being living is being one going on being living and some are then knowing that thing and some are then not knowing that thing and some are remembering doing that thing and some are not remembering having been doing that thing having been going on being living.

You have really no idea, from that briefest example of the sheer weight of verbiage in this heavy paper-bound book. It is appalling! Maurice Darantiere of Dijon, France, who oversaw its printing is surely one of the world's bravest souls; the compositors who set it up deserve sixteen bucks a day for the rest of their natural lives; and a good deal must be granted, indeed, to Miss Stein herself, for proof-reading her own galleys. The job that that must have been, in itself!

There are lucid intervals. In them, Miss Stein writes a rather wooden though wholly understandable prose. And then she is off again upon her repetitions upon repetitions upon repetitions upon repetitions, with "as I was saying," "as I was saying," "as I was saying," and "as I was saying."

In this sort of thing the words that if vocal would, by their incessant reiterative impact, make a roaring homicide out of the gentlest being one can imagine ever breathing, "a murky passionate resisting one though not really an engulfing one" as Miss Stein would probably put it—in this sort of thing all rules are waived. And if you keep on with it you are either really interested (a difficult mood to imagine), or you want a cure for insomnia, or you are just a common or garden darn fool.

But a little reading of it is amazingly insidious, for a little reading of it, of that or this one makes one see one as all independent dependent being in solution, and now to begin again with this one the one, the same whole one, when this one was a baby, a young one, an older one, and then an old one and then dying and then no longer one and always then there are others like this one . . . and now she's got me doing it . . . and that's about all there is to it.

As Miss Stein so cogently says, "I love it, I live it and I tell it. Always I tell it." Always she does tell it. Do you understand what I mean when I say she tells it? I mean she tells it. Always she is telling it. No not *yelling* it! Just telling it. Over and over. She is being telling it and she has been telling it and she is going to have been telling it and she is in the pluperfect subjunctive telling it and in the present going to have told it and in the past and in the future and in the indicative and imperative and and past participular and all that. Though the iterance may make you *think* she is yelling it, I assure you that she is merely telling it, and the chances are that she will go on telling it until Maurice Darantière at Dijon, France, gives a last ghastly hiccough and perishes untimely. I think it is terrible the way she is telling it, and as for what she is telling, by this time I haven't the slightest idea of what she is telling except that, as you may possibly have heard me remark before, she is undeniably, incontrovertibly, manifoldly, multifoldly, oceanically, over and over telling it. She has accomplished the most perfect imitation of the conversation that went on in that tall tower on the plain of Shinar that I could possibly have imagined. She has exhibited the most complete befuddlement of the human mind.

Whence we turn—to *Liberty*. It is *Liberty* or Stein. And *Liberty* is beginning to publish a prize serial by Fannie Hurst, a story that won a prize large enough to keep us going for ten years, with a Coles Phillips picture on its cover of a skin-you-love-to-touch shrugging off its chrysalis of violently decorated black satin. So we read:

There was a Sheraton buffet, too, in that little dining room. An authentic piece of exceptionally fine hand-turning, picked up in a battered condition at a ridiculously low price in a secondhand shop and restored, by the combined efforts of herself and a neighborhood cabinetmaker, to its original luster.

A bit of tapestry hung over that buffet. *Of weave almost cunning as the Flemish did them,* with a Merovingian king and his consorts riding across a plain of *fine perspectives. And over that tapestry hung a tale.*

The tale of one of the few angry scenes of the twenty-two months of her married life with John Herrick. *The kind of a scene that was to lie heavily at Selene's heart like a lodestone,* for days after her husband had not only forgiven, but forgotten.

The italics are ours. No, it is not, after all, so very much of a scene, but it is all cluttered up with that kind of description, with prose "of weave almost cunning." It is all cluttered up with references to made-in-Oconomowoc dining room "sets," which Selene knew were all wrong. How? "With her instinct." Just that. That. Instinct. See?

"Strange quality in Selene, with her little earthy turn of head, that she should want to stave off the possibility of the day of his first reconciliation to compromise,"—yes, and strange quality in us with our little earthy turn of head that we should want to stave in Selene's! And to add to our mortification here came Annie Pogany (no relation to Willy Pogany who has done those big colored things down at Wanamaker's), and she "made you think, at first you were seeing a little dimly. As though a mirror had been breathed on. Or as if your own eyes watered. There was that kind of haze to her eyes that were blue, but sort of smeared off, like rubbed crayon, into the whites. Her hair did that too.

But, as the publishers said, at the end of that first instalment, in the italics:

A tragedy is hovering over the Herricks' home. It is to reshape the destinies of five lives, but most of all the destiny of the baby, Joan. What part is Annie Pogany, the nursemaid to play in it? And what part the beautiful Selene?

We anticipated the tragedy a little, that's all. The baby Joan was all right. We let her go on crawling around and cooing. It was those women! It was that prose! Then there's actually a man in the story, still uncrowned, called Negaard Wing. That's what we think of *him!* We couldn't call him anything worse.

Thus, having reshaped the destinies of certain lives, armed with our new independence, our new *Liberty*, we went back into the pages of "The Making of Americans," searching for Mary Maxworthing and Mabel Linker and Madeleine Wyman and Miss Dounor and Martha Redfern, and all the rest of them. Here were ladies for the crowning! Ha! But

it happens very often that a man has it in him, that a man does something, that he does it very often that he does many things, when he is a young man when he is an old man, when he is an older man. . .

So once again the swamp slowly, unevitably closed over our head, and we sank, sank with the realization that we were indeed now an older man and that we were beginning to be coming to the moment of our perishing with this foregone conclusion droning and droning in our ears:

Mostly every one does some quarreling. Quarreling is to me very interesting. Beginning is to me very interesting. Ending is to me very interesting. Every one is beginning and ending in their living. . .

"Oh God!" we glubbed. And the tortured ghost left our body.

W. R. B.

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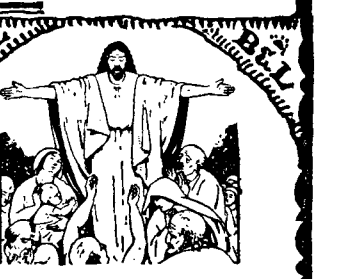

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Points of View

Again a Protest

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

May I protest ruefully that the writer of the article entitled "Prep School for Rotarians," published in the *Saturday Review* of November 7, seems to have based his sweeping condemnation of leading magazines for boys on a surprisingly superficial study of these magazines? His conclusions are likely to astonish those who know the magazines—and mislead those who don't.

I myself am both astonished and puzzled. It is hard to understand how even a man who makes his analyses on the doublequick could feel justified in describing the *American Boy* as a magazine "in which the successful boy invariably is the one who makes more money than any other boy in town, and in which an editorial by Frank Crane or a poem by Edgar Guest is the acme of editorial enterprise."

The answer to any such statement is, of course: Read and see. We hope that thoughtful adults who are genuinely interested in boys' reading will do so. The reader who makes a comprehensive survey will find much to make him question the sweeping statements in "Prep School for Rotarians." He will find, for instance, in recent issues of the *American Boy*, Charles Nordhoff's story of "The Pearl Lagoon," pronounced by a representative group of the critical librarians of the country one of the finest boys' books of the year. He will find "Quinby and Son," by William Heyliger, a father and son story that has won wide recognition. He will find James Willard Schultz's Indian stories, written with a distinction that has found favor with discriminating literary critics; Gilson's "Jack-Without-a-Roof," an outstanding story of the French Revolution; and many other stories, long and short, as well as many articles and other special features, that directly disprove the statement I have quoted. The thoughtful reader may even conclude that the *American Boy* is doing something to help in the development of this much debated thing so glibly called "literary taste."

As I have said, I hope that thoughtful adults will wish to investigate further the matter of boys' reading, and that some will find time to make a careful study of the *American Boy*. Those who do will undoubtedly have some valuable suggestions to make to us. We hope so; we welcome criticism. But we do maintain ruefully that a critic should read a magazine carefully before he criticizes it.

GEORGE F. PIERROT,
Managing Editor, *American Boy*.

Food for Thought

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

Has it occurred to any of the readers of "The Professor's House" and "Barren Ground" (both of which have been most ably reviewed in your columns) that they deal with the same psychological situation? In both books there is a vital personality, an ardent lover of life whose problem it is to learn how to "live without delight." For anyone concerned with that problem these two books offer rich food for reflection.

Dorinda, the heroine of "Barren Ground," after the utter failure of her love affair, determines never again to take the risks inherent for her in an emotional participation in life. She finds in work, interminable back-breaking work, a drug by which to while the years away. In making the barren ground yield fruit she receives some compensation for the barrenness of her personal life. This is Miss Glasgow's answer to the question of what can be done with a vital personality for whom the possibility of joy is gone.

Miss Cather's book, "The Professor's House," is a more richly conceived presentation of the situation. The Professor has had two great adventures, the adventure of marriage with the woman he loved, and the adventure of writing the book he longed to write. In addition he had had the priceless treasure of a friendship which lent warmth and value to his daily life. The book describes the slow process by which, in middle life, he comes to the realization that he has nothing left worth living for; he and his wife have grown apart, his book is finished, his friend is dead. Nothing remains of the intense zest which has been to him synonymous with life itself. It is only after a long struggle that he accepts the fact that what he calls the "bloomless side of life" is all the future has for him, but he does accept it. He even sees that it has admirable qualities of its own. Perhaps it is because of the richness of his earlier experiences that he seems better able than Dorinda to meet a cheerless future.

The reader is left to ponder the question whether for most people it is tragic to have to live without delight. Many seem to accept the loss of capacity for either extreme joy or extreme suffering with tranquillity, almost with gratitude. Perhaps, as vitality lessens with the passing years, they cannot spare the energy for emotion. Is it only a small minority who share with the Professor and Dorinda the sense of infinite loss?

MARGARET C. WARREN
West Roxbury, Mass.

A Chinese Writer

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

I am impelled to write and beg that "The Most Famous Beauty of China," the story of Yang Kuei-fei, by Shu-Chiung, be not weighed merely as a book about a royal courtesan, a person already celebrated in legend and drama. It is a little book. And the English of it is at times quaint. But it is a very special performance. It marks the entrance of a Chinese woman writer who has never been in an English-speaking country into the field of English writing, without the aid of an Occidental collaborator. It therefore deserves, I believe, special consideration aside from an evaluation of it according to the authenticity of its sources. Too much that has come from Chinese women, and is still coming from Chinese women, is sweetened and distorted to suit the Western conception of the Orient, by the employment of Occidental collaborators.

Because the Chinese woman has figured little in the records of the country, in verse, in the arts, and because she apparently figures little even today in the truly Oriental social life her figure is always especially intriguing. On this account I think that Shu-Chiung should be warmly welcomed. She can write. She proposes to devote herself to gathering from original sources what she can of Chinese women of the past. It is to be hoped that she will also apply her straightforward, unaffected style to an interpretation of contemporary Chinese women. Such first-hand contributions are much needed during this period when the West is feebly and belatedly seeking to understand the East, and is compelled to accept as final the opinions of foreigners or completely foreignized Orientals.

It may interest you to know that Shu-Chiung is famous for her personal beauty and is also a person of great originality. She is, as far as I know, the only cultured Chinese woman who has had the courage to revive the costumes of the Ming Dynasty rather than to accept outright the Western skirt, which when worn with a typical Chinese jacket forms the fashionable dress since the beginning of the Chinese Republic.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Questions for the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. BECKER c/o *The Saturday Review*.

BALANCE OF NATURE
MILLIONS. By R. Ellsworth Kennedy. (Holt).
THE PRINCIPLES OF POPULATION GROWTH. By Raymond Pearl. (Knopf).
FACE. By Felix Riesenberg. (McBride).

P. T., New Mexico; R. V., New York; L. E., Columbus, O.; L. P. D., New Jersey, ask for a choice of plays for holiday production, for children or grown-ups. I have already told them to send for Samuel French's catalogue, but here are some in book-form.

PERCIVAL WILDE'S "The Enchanted Christmas Tree" (Appleton) and "The Toy Shop" are ideal one-acts for home or community production. A. A. Milne's "Make Believe" is in his "Second Plays" (Knopf) but is also printed separately by French: it strings a series of episodes into an evening's entertainment but may be taken apart into several amusing and easily-given little plays. After editing a collection of "One-Act Plays for Young Folks" (Brentano) in which there is a charming one by John Farrar, Moritz Jagendorf brings out this year five sparkling playlets of his own in "Fairyland and Footlights" (Brentano). The familiar collection of "Holiday Plays for Home, School and Settlement" (Dodd, Mead), by Virginia Olcott, has been carried on by her "Holiday Plays" (Dodd, Mead) in which is "A Puritan Christmas"; these may be given with the least possible preparation.

There is a George-and-Dragon play in the second volume of S. L. Cummins's three books of "Plays for Children" (Doran) which makes it especially appropriate for this time of year, but at this season any good play in which children take part gladly is appropriate; for instance, "The Magic Sea Shell and Other Plays," by John Farrar (Doran), and a new volume by Stark Young; "Sweet Times and The Blue Policeman" (Holt), "Old King Cole," by Josephine Krohn (Doran), is a set of amusements in mediaeval dress inspired by Mother Goose, who, I maintain, has more and better dramatic action per poem than is found in the work of most contemporary playwrights. There is an amusing and easy Christmas play in J. W. Foley's "Sing a Song of Sleepy Head" (Dutton), and "The Dyspeptic Ogre," in Percival Wilde's "Eighth Comedies for Little Theatres" (Little Brown), is for children; and so are the excellent plays in "Ten Minutes By the Clock" and "Three To Make Ready", collections published a year or so ago by Doran. Better keep this list at hand and send me additions to it, that have been tested in performance, for in a few weeks the questions about plays for amateur production will be rushing in, as they always do at the beginning of the year, and this is a sifted selection for young performers.

H. D., Jersey City, N. J., asks for stories to read aloud at Christmas time, at length or in condensed versions.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "Beasley's Christmas Party" is now bound with his "Cherry" in one volume (Harper) appropriate to the time, so is the new edition of two famous family stories of Grace S. Richmond, "Christmas Day in the Morning" and "in the Evening" (Dodd, Mead), bound together. "The Holly Hedge" is a new set of Christmas tales by Temple Bailey (Penn), and for verses to read aloud there is a new anthology gathered by Margaret Widdemer, called "Yule Fire" (Macmillan).

"Somewhere in one of the volumes of Voltaire," writes A. H. M., New York, "is a story about a Dr. Akakia—I can't swear that the name is exactly spelt, but that is the sound—. . . . (here he names four high authorities) have been unable to aid me; if the good physician is to be found I am sure that you can tell me where I can find him, in French or English".

FAITH so touching should meet reward. The original owner of the name was a lecturer at the Collège de France, Docteur Martin Sans-Malice: his surname, as will be seen at a glance of the intellectual eyes that make a practice of reading this column, is the same as the Greek AKAKIA, so he used this instead until his death in 1551. Just 200 years later Voltaire found it an excellent descriptive pseudonym for his "Diatribe de Docteur Akakia," a lampoon against Maupertuis. This was promptly and publicly burned by the executioner in 1752, but Voltaire saved one copy and republished it with a supplement. I simply had to print this reply instead of sending it by mail: once in a while I need to show off.

L. B., Newark, N. J., asks if there is a book for Boston on the order of Helen Nicholay's "Our Capital on the Potomac" (Century) and Wilstach's "Mount Vernon" (Doubleday) for Washington.

ROBERT SHACKLETON'S "Book of Boston" (Penn) has been for some years the best known. This season there is a revised and enlarged edition of Annie Haven Thwing's "The Crooked and Narrow Streets of the Town of Boston: 1630-1822" (Lauriat), with plenty of plates and maps, making a delightful town history. It gives a reader something the same warm thrill Hamlin Garland describes when, in "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan), he tells of his first visit to the city of his dreams. There is a brilliant book on Boston just from Houghton Mifflin, "Beacon Hill," by Allan Chamberlain, at once a survey and a history, with impressive pictures. The Boston enthusiast or the book collector anywhere may get it also in an extra illustrated edition at a price affording room for expansion of local pride. Mary C. Crawford's "Romantic Days in Old Boston" and "Old Boston Days and Ways" (Little, Brown) have a large and devoted audience—many a copy has gone out after relatives in distant parts—and there are drawings by Lester Hornby in Edwin Bacon's "Rambles Around Old Boston" (Little, Brown) that show the picturesque quality as the text brings out the historic and antiquarian features. Porter Sargent, whose "New England" (Sargent) is the standard handbook for this section, announces a guide book, "Boston," for publication early in 1926, uniform with the other handbook and with maps, directories, and any amount of detailed information. And for the dreamer there is a poet's tribute to what the city has meant to Western country, in Vachel Lindsay's "So Much the Worse for Boston," a lasting ornament to his volume called "Going to the Sun" (Appleton).

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Uncle Tom's Cabin

By Lyman Beecher Stowe.

IN 1850 Professor Calvin Stowe resigned his professorship at Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, Ohio, to accept a chair at Bowdoin College, his Alma Mater, in Brunswick, Maine. While he remained at Lane to settle his affairs his wife, Harriet Beecher Stowe, with their six children, made the then arduous journey to Brunswick and there settled the family pending his arrival. On the way Mrs. Stowe and her children visited her brother, the Rev. Edward Beecher, who was the pastor of a church in Boston. The whole city, or at any rate the circles in which the Beechers moved, were seething with excitement over the Fugitive Slave Law, then being debated in Congress.

At that time Mrs. Stowe met through her brother, the Rev. Josiah Henson, a freedman Negro preacher. She heard this man describe the scene when his father had been killed by the blows of an overseer for attempting to protect his wife against the lustful assaults of this same overseer. The Christian charity of Henson in describing this sordid tragedy made a lasting impression on her mind. More than any other one man, the Rev. Josiah Henson became the original of Uncle Tom.

Some weeks later while Mrs. Stowe was in the midst of the strenuous and multifold duties of caring for six children and trying to make habitable "a deserted, dreary, damp old house" in Brunswick she received a letter from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Edward Beecher, describing some of the cruelties and barbarities of the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law. One of her daughters said later that she remembered that after her Mother had finished reading this letter, which concluded, "Now, Hattie, if I could use a pen as you can, I would write something which would make this whole nation feel what an accursed thing slavery is!" crushing it in her hand she said, "God helping I will write something, I will if I live."

In a letter written in December, 1850, Mrs. Stowe wrote, "Tell sister Katy that I thank her for her letter, and will answer it. As long as the baby sleeps with me nights, I can't do much at anything, but I will do it at last. I will write that thing if I live." The baby who thus deferred "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the father of the present writer.

Several weeks later while attending a communion service in the college chapel Mrs. Stowe saw suddenly before her mind's eye the death of Uncle Tom when he was killed by Legree—the climax of the story where the two men come to the final struggle in which the one has the physical and apparent victory and the other the spiritual and real victory. In later describing the experience Mrs. Stowe said the scene appeared to her "like the unrolling of a picture scroll." Had she been describing it in our day she would undoubtedly have compared it to a moving picture. At the same time the words of Jesus were sounding in her ears, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." It seemed as if the crucified, but now risen and glorified Christ, were speaking to her through the poor black man, cut and bleeding under the blows of the slave whip. She was so deeply affected that she could scarcely keep from weeping aloud. That Sunday afternoon she went to her room and wrote what had appeared to her mental vision. As there was no proper paper at hand she used some brown wrapping paper in which groceries had been delivered. Later in the day she gathered her children together (her husband was absent delivering a course of lectures) and read them what she had written. When she had finished all the children were weeping and the two little boys cried out, "Oh, mama, slavery is the most cruel thing in this world!" The chapter entitled "The Death of Uncle Tom" as it stands in the published book is practically identical with what Mrs. Stowe wrote at this time on the brown wrapping paper and read to her children.

Many weeks later, after Professor Stowe's return, he happened upon these sheets of brown paper and read what was written on them. With tears in his eyes he hunted up his wife and said, "Harriet, here is the climax of that book on slavery which you have been meaning to write. Now, begin at the beginning and work up to it."

After she had begun working on the book Mrs. Stowe wrote to her brother, Charles Beecher, who was at that time employed in a cotton commission house in New Orleans, and asked him to gather data for her about the slavery conditions on and along the Mississippi River, particularly on the so-called "down the river" plantations which were for the most part owned by absentee landlords and conducted by hired overseers. Charles Beecher had devised and used a kind of short hand system of his own which equipped him particularly well for taking notes. There is a scene in the book where Legree on the Mississippi steamer doubles up his fist and says to his companion, "Ye see that fist! That fist's hard as nails from knocking down niggers. I don't bother with sick niggers. I work mine in with the crop and then get me a new lot." That remark was overheard and taken down verbatim by Charles Beecher. It was a rather singular coincidence that it was this very remark which F. Hopkinson Smith once quoted in defence of his assertion that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" presented a grossly exaggerated picture of the evils of slavery.

Mrs. Stowe needed no data on the agreeable and patriarchial side of slavery since she had lived for years in Cincinnati on the border of Kentucky where she had made many friends among the slave owners whom she had visited from time to time on their plantations. One of these friends afterward said that entire pages of the book were exact descriptions of scenes that Mrs. Stowe (then Miss Beecher) had seen from the window of her room while visiting on their plantation.

After the work was well under way Mrs. Stowe wrote to her friend Gamaliel Brailey, the editor of *The National Era*, an Abolition paper pubished in Washington, D. C., asking him if he would care to run her story as a serial. He replied in the affirmative with the result that the serial publication in that paper started June 5th, 1851, and was not concluded until April 1st, 1852. The serial was not received with much enthusiasm. That such was the case is not to be wondered at when you realize that its readers were dyed in the wool Abolitionists to whom Mrs. Stowe's effort to be scrupulously fair and to present the patriarchial and picturesque aspects of slavery as fully as its seamy side appeared a kind of heresy. All previous writers of Abolition literature had confined themselves to unqualified abuse of the institution and those connected with it.

While the story was appearing serially Mrs. Stowe received a letter from a young Boston publisher by the name of John P. Jewett, the predecessor of the present house of Houghton Mifflin Co., making her an offer for its publication in book form. He made two alternative propositions, either a half and half division of all profits and expenses or a straight 10 per cent royalty on the list price of all copies sold. Mrs. Stowe knew nothing about business and her husband, the Professor, knew if possible even less. Therefore, they turned for advice, as was their custom in all such matters, to his cousin Philip Greeley, a substantial man of affairs who had been Collector of the Port of Boston and was then a Representative in Congress. On being shown Mr. Jewett's letter Cousin Philip said, "Why, Calvin, there is really no choice. You and Harriet have no money to gamble with. Take the 10 per cent of course. After all you know what a novel is, particularly a novel written by a woman. Even if successful it's merely a flash in the pan and then it's all over. You tell Harriet that if she makes enough money out of it to buy a new black silk dress I shall consider her very fortunate." We descendants have sometimes wished that Cousin Philip had taken the trouble to read the MS. before giving this safe and sane advice.

Not long before the contract was signed for the book publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Mr. Jewett wrote Mrs. Stowe that he feared she was making the story too long for one volume. He pointed out that the subject was a very unpopular one and that while one volume might possibly sell, two volumes might prove fatal. Mrs. Stowe replied that she did not make the story, that the story made itself, and that therefore she could not control its length.

The book was written in "the old wind-swept castle of a house" in Brunswick with the exception of a few chapters which were written in Boston while she was visiting her brother, Edward Beecher, and a part of the last chapter which she wrote in the Stone Cabin, the Stowe house in Andover, Mass., where the family had moved on Mr. Stowe's acceptance of a professorship in the Andover Theological Seminary. The book was published March 20th, 1852. Professor Stowe took the so-called first copy off the press down to the station in Boston and presented it to Cousin Philip Greeley just as he was taking his train for Washington. He read it on the train and after a time he began to shed tears as he read. To weep in public over a novel, particularly a novel written by a woman, was a humiliating experience for a New England man of affairs so when he reached Springfield Cousin Philip decided to go to a hotel and spend the night where he could weep in privacy and decency. He finished the story in the small hours of the morning in his hotel room. Ten thousand copies of the book were sold within a few days and over 300,000 copies during the first year and eight power presses running night and day could barely keep pace with the demand. During the first few weeks it was acclaimed with enthusiasm in the South. Southerners were at first enthusiastic about it for exactly the same reasons that its Abolition readers in its serial form had not been enthusiastic. One of the first notes of censure was struck by a religious paper, the *New York Observer*, which denounced it as an attack upon the Divinely sanctioned institution of slavery. This hostility quickly spread to the other papers of conservative character and when its effect began to be felt the Southern press and public.

Its original favorable reception in the South had momentarily encouraged Mrs. Stowe to hope that she had accomplished one of her aims in writing it. Her friendship among slaveholders had led her to conclude that they were dominantly fine Christian people who would not knowingly tolerate anything wrong. She believed that they were too close to slavery to see its evils but that could these evils be dramatized in the form of a story they would themselves become the leaders in seeking its abolition. She and all her family, including her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, had always so strongly disapproved of the violent methods of the Abolition Party that, in spite of their ardent approval of its purpose, they had refused to join it.

Very soon after its American publication the book was issued in London by Sampson & Low and had a sale in Great Britain and the Colonies which at the end of a decade was estimated at three and one-half million copies. Its translation into foreign languages speedily began and long continued. Mrs. Stowe's youngest son, my father, Charles Edward Stowe, has a set of the book in twenty-six different languages. It has probably sold in foreign tongues over 1,500,000 copies.

While I was writing this article Christopher Morley called to my attention one of the curious tokens of the universal dissemination of the book which are constantly cropping up. In a book on the famous Flemish post-impressionist painter, Van Gogh, is shown in his "Portrait of an Arles Woman (1889)" a copy of the French edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the table at which the woman is seated. A friend who was visiting a salt mine in Austria some years ago found one of the miners reading during his meal hour a copy of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the Czech language. When the writer was in Germany many years before the war he found the book was there widely used in the schools in connection with the study of English. At one time it had the curious fate of being placed on the Index Expurgatorius by the authorities of the Vatican. On this sale and the huge British sale the author received nothing beyond a few courtesy checks. There was then no international copyright.

Houghton Mifflin Co. report the original edition has sold in this country 944,000 copies. In the myriads of unauthorized and cheaper editions it has probably sold several times that number. The world sale in all editions has probably closely approximated 10,000,000 copies. Mrs. Stowe's copyright expired several years before her death and although her publishers generously continued to pay her royalties on the authorized edition it amounted to little by reason of the scores of unauthorized editions with which it had to compete. She was thus deprived in her old age of her most considerable source of income.

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The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

WORLD'S RARE BOOK MARKET

THE Rare Book Number of *The Publishers' Weekly* contains an interesting article on "New York as a Rare Book Market" in which it gives many reasons why the great rare book and art market of the world is crossing the Atlantic, with indications that New York would soon overshadow Paris and London. Mitchell Kennerley, president of the Anderson Galleries, and Arthur Swann, head of the book and print department of the American Art Association, give many good reasons pointing to the ultimate supremacy of New York. The article sums up the strong points in favor of New York as follows:

"1. New York is in touch with the largest number of intelligent, discriminating and wealthy collectors to be found anywhere.

"2. In addition to intelligence and means, these collectors expect and are willing to pay good prices. They understand that rarities are steadily increasing in value and they are willing to pay record prices, if need be, if competition is fair.

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"4. The auction catalogues are unequalled. They are skilfully compiled, with illuminating notes, and reliable descriptions. The London *Times* has called attention to the character of the catalogues issued by the Anderson Galleries in strong words of approval. J. H. Slater, editor of the English 'Book Prices Current,' declared that the catalogues issued by the American Art Galleries were unequalled in England. These catalogues, well printed, skilfully edited, rich in bibliographical scholarship, are great factors in reaching and creating collectors.

"5. The fame of the New York auction market is spreading to the four corners of the earth. New York is winning on its merits. One success will lead to another, and it is only a matter of time when collectors abroad will send their collections here because they are sure of getting good prices and fair treatment."

[illegible] says *The* [illegible] rare book and [illegible] crossing the Atlantic [illegible] New [illegible]

AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

[illegible] authors manuscripts, first editions, authors' inscribed copies, letters, and manuscripts [illegible] by Bruce Rogers [illegible] notable modern press books, [illegible] from the libraries of [illegible] of Chicago, and of Walter R. Brown of Wyoming, N. Y., were sold at the American Art Galleries November 19 and 20. The highest price, [illegible], was paid for Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts," 4 vols., including a duplicate copy of Vol. I, a first issue of the first edition with the date of 1903, London, [illegible] 1908. The original autograph manuscript of John Masefield's "The Bucaneer," about 5,000 words, square 12mo, the first Masefield prose manuscript to be offered at public sale, brought $1,250. The 616 lots realized $23,271.

A few representative lots and the prices which they brought were as follows:

Cissing (George). "Veranilda," 12 mo, buckram, Westminster, 1904. Unique copy bound from proofs, bearing corrections in the autograph of Frederic Harrison. $90.

Greenaway (Kate). Almanacks for 1883 to 1895, together 13 vols., 16mo, original bindings as issued, London, 1883-1895. Fine set of first editions. $80.

Harte (Bret). "Outcroppings," 12mo, original cloth, San Francisco, 1866. First edition of Harte's first book. $77.50.

Hudson (W. H.). "A Crystal Age," 12mo, cloth, London, 1887. First edition with author's presentation inscription. $205.

Hudson. "Green Mansions," 12 mo, buckram, London, 1904. First edition with author's presentation inscription. $285.

Irving (Washington). "Life of Washington," 5 vols., 8vo, cloth, New York, 1855-59. First edition with author's presentation inscription. $210.

Kipling (Rudyard). Original typewritten manuscript of "The Child of Calamity," 2,500 words, with about 100 words in the author's handwriting. $400.

Kipling. Galley proofs of "Ship that Found Herself," 10 galley columns of print, with about 100 words in the handwriting of the author. $520.

Thoreau (H. D.). "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," 12mo, cloth, Boston and Cambridge, 1849. First edition with nine lines of manuscript inserted. $205.

Wilde (Oscar). Original manuscript of "Lecture to Art Students," 2,000 words written on 30 4to leaves, about 1883. $560.

Wilde. Original manuscript of "A Florentine Tragedy," 43 pp. 4to, in case. $190.

AT THE ANDERSON GALLERIES.

EARLY printed books, important art works, French books and general literature from the library of the late William M. Laffan of this city, and selections from the French and general library of Dr. William Hirsch, were sold at the Anderson Galleries November 23 and 24, 646 lots bringing $9,735.75.

A few of the more important lots and the prices realized were the following:

Blackstone (William). "Commentaries," 4 vols., 4to, old calf, Oxford, 1765-69. First and only complete edition. $65.

Burns (Robert). "Poems," 8vo, morocco by Lloyd, Edinburgh, 1787. First issue of the first Edinburgh edition. $65.

Cicero. "Officiorum libri iii, cum Commentariis Petri Marsi," folio, old calf, Venice, 1482. One of two known copies in America. $85.

Doves Press. The English Bible, 5 vols. in 3, folio, morocco, Hammersmith, 1903-05. $115.

Montaigne. "Essays," 3 vols., folio, Boston, 1902-04. Special Riverside Press edition designed by Bruce Rogers and limited to 265 copies. $95.

Riccardi Press. "The Revival of Printing," small 4to, vellum, London, 1912. One of 12 copies printed on vellum. London, 1912. $42.50.

Wilson (Woodrow). "History of the American People," 5 vols., royal 8vo, boards, cloth backs, New York, 1902. Alumni edition signed by the author. $200.

Morgan (J. P.) "Catalogue of the Morgan collection of Chinese Porcelains," 8vo, levant, New York, 1904. Presentation copy from Mr. Morgan. $250.

Morgan. "Catalogue of Manuscripts and Early Printed Books," 4 vols., royal 4to, levant by Reviere, London, 1906-97. $410.

Morgan (J. P.) "Catalogue of the Morgan Collection of Miniatures," 4 vols., folio, morocco, London, 1906-08. $160.

RARE BOOK NUMBER.

THE issue of November 28 of *The Publishers' Weekly* is its annual Rare Book Number. Carl Purington Rollins, printer to Yale University, reviews Frederic Warde's new book on Bruce Rogers published by the Harvard University Press, and pays a warm tribute to "Bruce Rogers—Designer of Books." Jerome E. Brooks reviews Milton Waldman's "Americana;" Oscar Lewis discourses on "'Half a Loaf' for Collectors," treating of the custom of breaking up copies of rare old books; Frederick M. Hopkins, under the title "Most Valuable of Modern Books," tells of the discovery of a fifth copy of the first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane and Other Poems," and gives the record of the other four known copies in the order of their discovery. "The Auction Season of 1924-1925" is a review of the sales of last season, and there is another article on "Prospects for the Season now Beginning." In addition there is a timely discussion of "New York as a Rare Book Market," in which it is pointed out that the rare book and art market is crossing the Atlantic and intrenching itself in the metropolis of America. A group of timely editorials and a profusion of "Current Rare Book Notes" rounds out one of the best rare book numbers that *The Publishers' Weekly* has ever issued.

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE AMERICANA COLLECTOR calls attention to the fact that Maggs Brothers of London are "slipping gradually into first place as Americana booksellers. Within the last few years they have published catalogues of Americana, that are truly enviable and probably will not be surpassed. Their last catalogue just issued, contains 1,300 titles, well listed and indexed. The offerings are remarkable and while it is impossible to do their catalogue justice, two manuscript diaries must be mentioned. One is Anza's Diary of His Expedition by Land into Upper California in 1774, and the second is The Bodega-Heceta Manuscript of the Second Expedition ordered by Don Antonio Bucareli, Viceroy of the North California Coast in 1775. Such finds make the heart beat faster. Each manuscript is priced less than $5,000, which seems rather cheap."

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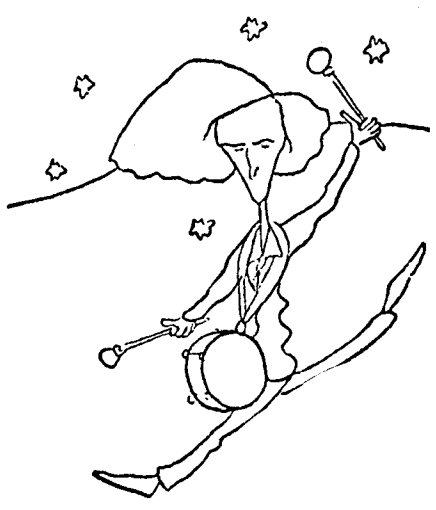

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The Phoenix Nest

GIVE a thought to the Nobel Prize Winners in Literature! Here is a book about them by *Annie Russell Marble*, and one learns from it a deal about the intentions of the donor of the Nobel Prize and finds compactly presented biographical and bibliographical matter concerning the twenty-four prize-winners. * * * Consider *Alfred Nobel!* Here was a Swede who, at forty, was making a fortune out of a high explosive, "he had put the long hammer of Thor to work again among the giants." But the *Baroness von Suttner* was one of the early winners of the Peace Prize he established, with a novel whose title translated reads, "Lay down your arms!" And he said to her, "I wish I could produce a substance or a machine of such frightful efficacy for wholesale devastation that wars should thereby become altogether impossible." He also believed "in reasonable Socialism." * * * His Peace Prize has become world-famous. The paradoxes, the ironies of life! * * * As to literature, *Sully-Prudhomme* and *Frédéric Mistral* were the first winners. Then came *Mommsen, Eucken, Björnson, Carducci, Kipling, Selma Lagerlöf, Paul Heyse, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck, Tagore, Rolland,* four Scandinavians (*Heidenstam, Pontoppidan* and *Gjellerup*, and *Hamsun*), *Spitteler* of Switzerland, *Anatole France,* two Spanish dramatists (*Echegaray* and *Benavente*), *William Butler Yeats, Sienkiewicz* and *Ladislaw Stanislaw Reymont* (both Poles). * * * Here we have the Nobel standard-bearers for literature scattered over France, Germany, Scandinavia, Italy, England, Belgium, India, Switzerland, Spain, Ireland, and Poland. It remains somewhat astonishing that *Thomas Hardy* has not yet received this honor, but the awards have assuredly never been made save to creative artists of major importance. * * * The assiduous *Gerald Stanley Lee,* having discovered for one thing that *Paavo Nurmi* is "The Man Who Rests Running," has built up a whole system of what he calls "relaxed concentration" which he expounds in his new work, "Rest Working," published by the Co-ordination Guild at Northampton, Massachusetts. *Dr. J. Madison Taylor,* Associate of and Successor to the late *Dr. S. Weir Mitchell,* and *Professor Irving Fisher* of Yale, both highly endorse Mr. Lee's voluminous treatise, set forth in his own odd and arresting fashion. * * * His book is designed to teach our overstrained age the value of gland balance, body balance, and "letting oneself go." Mr. Lee addresses the man and woman in the street. We ourself found his book quite absorbing. * * * *Lucy Eleanor Watson* (née *Gillman*) has published a memoir of *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* as he was when living with *Dr.* and *Mrs. Gillman* at Highgate. He placed himself under the care of Dr. Gillman, you may remember, on account of his opium habit, originally formed to relieve severe pain. It was residence at Dr. Gillman's that enabled him to return to work and write, for one thing, the marvelous "Christabel." * * * Mrs. Watson's grandmother, *Mrs. Anne Gillman* desired her years ago to put forward a more just view of the great poet's character as it was known to the Gillmans, and this responsibility Mrs. Watson has fulfilled in a most interesting volume brought out by Longmans, Green. * * * Another pleasing Longmans book just published is *Norman Ault's* selection and arrangement of "Elizabethan Lyrics," an anthology compiled from a first-hand survey of the whole field of Elizabethan verse. It forms the largest and most representative collection ever made of this period. * * * A useful handbook for modern parents perplexed over the best reading for their children is *Mary Graham Bonner's* "A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading," from Funk & Wagnalls. It is rather in the primer class, perhaps, but good of its kind. * * * Minton, Balch have introduced us to two works of fiction by *Wilfrane Hubbard* which seem to promise delight. They are "Orvieto Dust" and "Shadows on the Palatine." *R. B. Cunninghame-Graham* avers that the former is such a book as *Walter Pater* might have written, for style and delicate learning, with the addition of odd and delicious humor. * * * Mr. Hubbard knows ancient Italy. It is hard to define or describe these stories and imagined conversations, but they bear a distinguished bouquet. * * * Better even than *Mary Graham Bonner's* book, mentioned above, is *Annie Carroll Moore's* "The Three Owls" (Macmillan), papers collected from *Books* of the *New York Herald-Tribune,* for which Miss Moore conducts the Children's Department. There are randomly delightful disquisitions and reviews, not all from the pen of Miss Moore, with many culled illustrations of great charm. The book is dedicated to *Stuart P. Sherman* and *Irita Van Doren,* the editors of *Books.* * * * *Aldous Huxley* has published his "Selected Poems" through Appleton. But what is this! All his poems of any length are omitted, and some of the most extravagant yet most enticing shorter ones! Therefore the book is not nearly as interesting as we had expected. * * * *Ernest Rhys* and *C. A. Dawson-Scott* are indefatigable in gathering collections of modern short stories, and their latest is "29 Love Stories" (Appleton), ranging from *Henry James* to *O. Henry,* and from *Katherine Mansfield* to *Boris Pilniak* (whoever he is). * * * In these twenty and nine authors there is certainly variety! We are even carried back to *Boccaccio, Sir Thomas Malory* and "The Arabian Nights" for certain selections. My, what an age it is of anthologies! * * * And here's another miscellany, "The Chap Book" (Number 40, by the way!) It comes from England, being published by *Jonathan Cape* and edited, as usual, by *Harold Munro.* * * * We hunted for something new by *T. S. Eliot* in it, but were disappointed. * * * *Verner von Heidenstam's* "The Swedes and Their Chieftains" is in the American Scandinavian Foundation's classics, and is translated by *Charles Wharton Stork.* Heidenstam was awarded the Nobel prize for literature, as we have already mentioned, in 1916. And as that brings us round to where we started, we will bow now and say *adieu*—save for mention of the fact that if you want lighter musical fare than "Masters of Music," and are fond of *Gilbert* and *Sullivan,* you shouldn't deny yourself "The Story of the Savoy Opera" by *S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald,* a new Appleton volume. * * * Wherefore, dear fiend—of course, we mean *friends*—tootle-oo!

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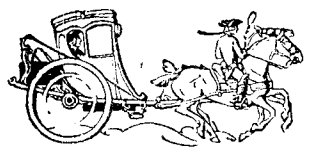

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